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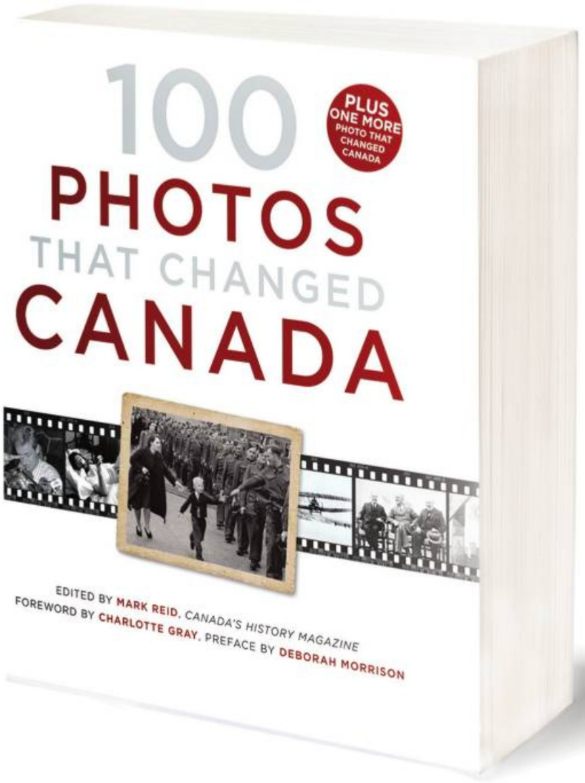
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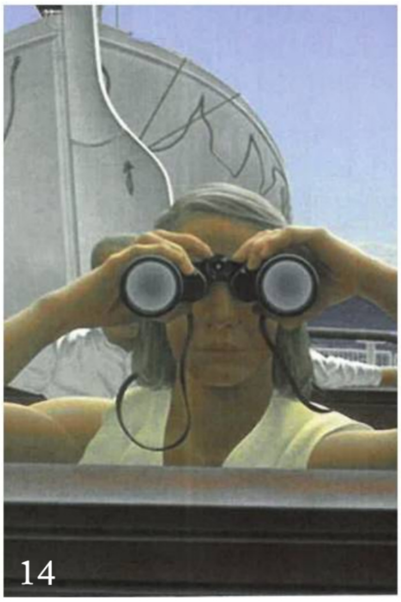
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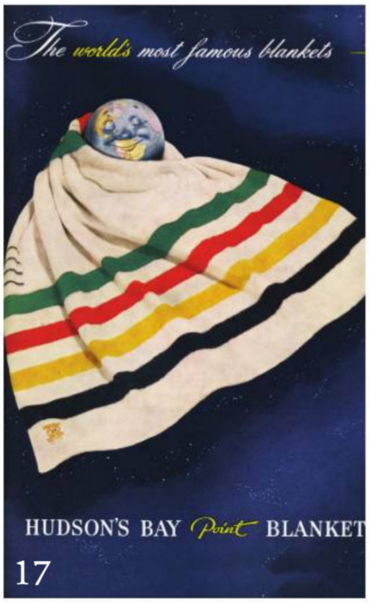
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EDITOR'S NOTE

Past times

Sitting at our kitchen table, my grandfather once quipped — just prior to blowing out a cake full of candles — that he didn't like birthdays.

He was smiling at the time, and I think what he was really saying was that he didn't like all the fuss surrounding *his* birthday. At the time approaching his eighties, he had blown out his fair share of candles and was likely left wondering how time — which drags so often in childhood — could have sped by so fast.

As I rapidly stare down the big four-oh, I'm starting to see where grandpa was coming from. Time passes, whether we like it or not. We mark our milestones in many ways, celebrating our achievements and mourning our losses. Along the way, we hopefully gain some wisdom.

This issue of *Canada's History* is unique in that it comes at the confluence of several key anniversaries that reflect some of our proudest and darkest moments as a nation.

It was one hundred and twenty-five years ago that Canada's first prime minister stepped in to stop the private development of the hot springs in Banff, Alberta. In "Beautiful Banff," author and columnist Ken McGoogan takes us on a personal journey through the history of Banff, Canada's first national park and one of the oldest in the world.

A century ago, the Royal Canadian Navy first set sail. We bring you two tales from the long and storied history of the navy. "Canada's Sub Hunter," by University of New Brunswick military historian Marc Milner, takes us to the rough waters of the North Atlantic, where Canadian corvettes and frigates patrolled the sea in search of Nazi U-boats. In "The Revolt of the Admirals," military historian Jack Granatstein relates the internal battle that erupted in the Canadian military when Defence Minister Paul Hellyer tried to unify the army, navy, and air force in the 1960s.

And it has been forty years since the October Crisis shook the nation. In "Take Me to Havana," journalist Maria Amuchastegui tells of the kidnapping of James Cross, the ensuing crisis, and what happened next to the FLQ kidnappers who sought asylum in Cuba.

I'd be remiss if I didn't mention one other important milestone. It was ninety years ago this month that the Hudson's Bay Company, to mark its 250th birthday, launched a new in-house magazine. Titled *The Beaver: A Journal of Progress*, the initial issue was just thirty-two pages, and featured company news reports, such as the installation of new tennis courts at the HBC store in Winnipeg, as well the story of Hugh Kindersley's three-month journey through the North. (He was the son of HBC governor Sir Robert Kindersley.)

The magazine has certainly changed over the past nine decades. For instance, we are no longer an in-house magazine. But our connection to the HBC remains strong, and we're grateful for the company's continuing support. And, of course, we changed our name this year to *Canada's History*.

As the country's second-oldest magazine, we remain dedicated to bringing Canada's history to life. I hope you join us in toasting the magazine's ninetieth birthday, with wishes for many happy returns.

Mark Reid

MARIANNE HELM

Contributors

Ken McGoogan, who wrote "Beautiful Banff," is the author of four Canadian bestsellers, including *Fatal Passage*. His awards include the Writers' Trust of Canada Drainie-Taylor Biography Prize and the Pierre Berton Award. He has a strong connection to Banff National Park — he worked there in 1970 as a fire-spotter. His new book, *How the Scots Invented Canada*, will be published in October 2010.

Jack Granatstein, who wrote "The Revolt of the Admirals," taught Canadian history for thirty years, and is a senior research fellow of the Canadian Defence and Foreign Affairs Institute. He was also director and CEO of the Canadian War Museum. He writes on Canadian military history, foreign and defence policy, and politics. Among his publications are *Canada 1957-67*, *Canada's War*, and *The Generals*.

Maria Amuchastegui, author of "Take Me to Havana," the story of FLQ members and their exile in Cuba, is a Toronto-based freelance writer who specializes in Latin America. She has a longstanding interest in the relationship between Quebec nationalism and Latin America.

Marc Milner is the chair of the University of New Brunswick's history department. Recognized as Canada's leading scholar on the history of the navy, he contriubted the article "Canada's Sub Killer." He is the author of several books, including *Canada's Navy: The First Century*.

Mourning the miners

Canada's History
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Regarding the August-September 2010 issue: One of the articles [Getaway, "Mining Hope"] struck a chord with me.

My grandfather was a minister in the hard coal regions of eastern Pennsylvania. When the alarm sounded — all too frequently — he knew that there had been an accident in the mines and would rush out of the house with his gear, ready to minister to weeping families and pray for the dead.

I have been to Springhill, Nova Scotia, and the stories of death — so far from the light — brought tears. Every Canadian should know more about the deadly trade that consigns men to die in the dark.

Jean M. Gerber
Vancouver

Sled dogs controversy

Retired RCMP Staff Sergeant Bernie MacDonald wrote in the August-September 2010 issue about the destruction of Inuit sled dogs in the 1950s and 1960s. He stated, "I don't know who got those dark rumours going [of the sled dogs slaughter] and I can only say that it is a slur upon the RCMP of that period."

This event received an early, public airing in *The Beaver* in the summer of 1962. Then editor Malvina Bolus published an article on "The Changing Eskimo" by McGill University anthropologist Toshio Yatsushiro. He described Frobisher Bay (now Iqaluit) as an entire community "engulfed in tension." Part of that tension existed because the "R.C.M. Police detachment stationed in Frobisher Bay has been exterminating unleashed dogs owned by Eskimos ... on the ground that such animals constitute a menace to the community ...."

The killing of sled dogs was probably not something your readers at that time wanted to dwell on, and Staff Sergeant MacDonald was apparently fortunate to experience a less troubled side of Arctic life. But in letting his remark about "dark rumours" pass without comment, you have not been attentive enough to your own magazine's history.

Philip Goldring
Ottawa

Postcards and persistence

In the August-September 2010 issue, there is an article on postcards titled "Yesterday's Email."

My Uncle Harry (William Henry Turton of Edmonton) was a senior official of the Alberta Public Works Department in the 1920s, and he took and kept a number of Kodak camera pictures of the road-building projects, countryside, and scenery during the major roads expansion projects in Alberta of that period.

In the 1970s, I went through his collection with him. I persuaded Uncle Harry to allow me to get in touch with the Provincial Museum and Archives of Alberta to offer these documents of early Alberta history.

A young man from the museum made an appointment to see these "artifacts," and was not impressed: "They are just postcards," he said, not realizing that this was the way photo images were developed at that time.

Drug stores and photographic stores in Edmonton kept only Postcard Kodak Photographic Paper for photo processing. Uncle Harry dismissed the young man as ignorant (in his quiet manner).

On my subsequent visit with Uncle Harry, I heard the story and was indignant.

I visited the Alberta Museum and insisted on talking to a senior officer/archivist. He was equally appalled and subsequently made an appointment with Uncle Harry.

The collection ended up in the Provincial Museum. Fun and games.

Gerry Glavin
Ottawa

War's true cost

Your editor's note in the June-July 2010 "Shell Shock" issue remarks that the "Great War of the Mind" has no victors.

Surely that war is still being fought by historians whose cultural parochialism leads them to chronicle wars (or is it only the victories?) as nation-building events.

These survivors, it seems, are prepared to make war until all of the rest of us are dead. Canadian youths need to know the total cost of war. Thank you for revealing some hidden costs in this issue.

William Hayes
Port Hope, Ontario

Errata

The first capital of the United Province of Canada was Kingston. Incorrect information appeared in a story in the Currents section of the August-September 2010 issue.

Canada's History welcomes your comments. Email us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, R3B 2E9. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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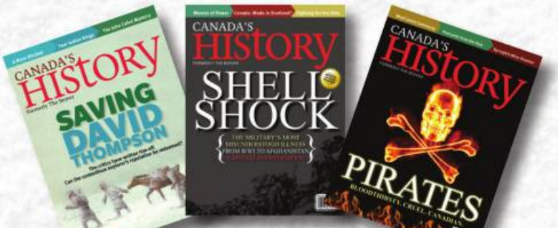
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LIVING HISTORY

Harvest renewed

Young hands helping historic farm return to life

In a letter dated August 6, 1860, Robert Burnaby described his surroundings at Craigflower Farm, located along the Gorge waterway near the southern tip of Vancouver Island.

"My dearest Mother," he wrote, "I have been in this hospitable house for a week, with my good friends the McKenzies…. It is just now harvest time and immediately under the windows are two fields of barley cut and standing in shock … two fine fields of potatoes … behind these again the forest, through openings in which can be seen the golden wave of the Oat fields and the bright green of a splendid crop of tares…."

Named after the English farm of HBC governor Andrew Colville, Craigflower was established in 1853 to firm up Britain's claim to the territory and to feed the residents of Hudson's Bay Company's nearby Fort Victoria. The first farm director was Kenneth McKenzie, and the manor house completed in 1856 was designed according to the wishes of his wife Agnes.

Burnaby, meanwhile, was a homesick Englishman who had come west to sell supplies to the men and women chasing the gold rush dream. But in the summer of 1860, ill health led the thirty-two-year-old to recuperate at Craigflower.

One hundred and fifty years after Burnaby's visit, Craigflower Manor, as the former McKenzie home is now called, is a National Historic Site along with the nearby Craigflower Schoolhouse — the oldest standing schoolhouse in Western Canada.

Located just ten minutes from downtown Victoria, the farm has returned to food production, although it's no longer turnips and tares for cattle and pigs, or cabbages, onions, and ship's biscuits for the Royal Navy vessels that anchored at nearby Esquimalt.

Instead, for the past fifteen years, on a sunny slope beside the house, locals have cultivated allotment gardens for their own tables. Peas and potatoes, cabbages and onions are as popular now as they were in the McKenzies' era, although new varieties have supplanted the old.

In 2009, Cuyler Page, who manages the site for The Land Conservancy of British Columbia, equipped local schoolchildren with seeds and showed them how to broadcast rye, wheat, and buckwheat over the plowed field in front of the house where once Burnaby saw barley.

University students hired for the summer scythe the grass as farmhands have done for centuries, and kids from the nearby middle school cultivate a couple of plots as part of their physical activity and home economics programs.

Page has other plans for the site. In coming years, as budget and weather allow, he hopes to harvest grain and let visitors grind it, feeling the old-fashioned hand mills working beneath their palms.

Back in 1860, Robert Burnaby wrote to his mum that the McKenzies had "two pretty lasses, one fine boy about 14, and some 5 small fry boys and girls." Today, with Page's guidance and the help of another young generation, Craigflower's agricultural legacy is again blossoming. — **Rachel Goldsworthy**

Buckwheat blooms in front of Craigflower Manor.

DEBORAH HUDSON

Nationalism in the spotlight

The third National History Forum takes place in Ottawa this November and will include the federal minister of citizenship and immigration as well as the former editor of U.K. history magazine *History Today*.

This year's event, held in conjunction with the Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History and the Canada's History Awards, will address the theme Reconciling the Past: History and Nationalism.

Minister of Citizenship and Immigration Jason Kenney will deliver the keynote address, which comes in the wake of his department's much-discussed rewriting of the Discover Canada Citizenship Guide earlier this year.

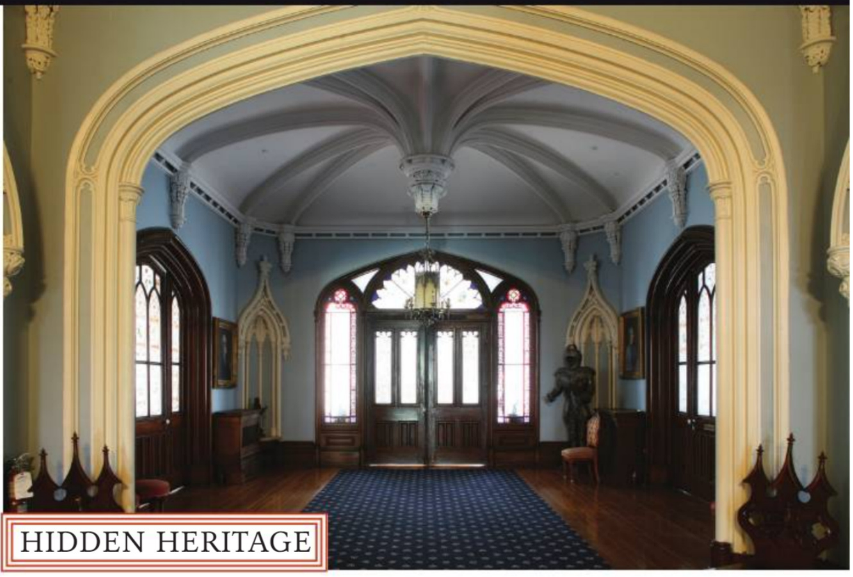
U.K. historian Peter Furtado will speak at the National History Forum in Ottawa this November.

Among other confirmed speakers are Peter Furtado, Greg Melleuish, and Nicole Tutiaux-Guillon. Since stepping down in 2008 after eleven years at the helm of *History Today*, Furtado has been working on the forthcoming book *The Histories of Nations: How their Identities were Forged.*

The edited collection is to be published in 2011 and will include twenty-eight essays by historians from countries around the world. Each historian writes about the broad perception of history within their country as well as "the key debates or themes of history in its public presentation or in education," Furtado said.

Melleuish is an academic historian from Australia who is opposed to that country's new history curriculum, while Tutiaux-Guillon, an education professor at INRP-Lille, is studying the teaching of history and geography in France in relation to citizenship and multiculturalism.

They will address an audience of university and public school teachers, museum curators, archivists, public historians, and popular writers. Visit CanadasHistory.ca for further details. — **Phil Koch**


JESSICA MACE

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Trafalgar Castle

Whitby, Ontario, designed by Joseph Sheard, 1859 to 1862

At the time of its construction, Trafalgar Castle was the largest private residence in all of Canada. Indeed, if the local newspapers the *Whitby Chronicle*, the *Oshawa Vindicator*, and the *Globe* can be believed, it was the largest in all of North America.

Originally built for Whitby's sheriff, Nelson Gilbert Reynolds, a larger-than-life character who wanted a house commensurate with his status in the town, no expense was spared, from the construction materials to the interior decoration. The final cost was $70,000 — at a time when even large homes cost less than a tenth of that.

Built between 1859 and 1862, Trafalgar Castle was designed by Toronto architect — and later Toronto mayor — Joseph Sheard. Even before construction was completed, the castle was a major attraction that drew flocks of visitors. It was said in one newspaper that this Gothic-style mansion was destined "to be the leading architectural ornament in the country, and so far as private residences are concerned, the leading one in Canada."

Unfortunately, but perhaps not surprisingly, Reynolds was forced to sell his home in 1874 due to bankruptcy. It was sold for a mere $35,000 — half of the original cost — to the Methodist Church of Canada. With its seventy-three rooms and nine surrounding acres, Trafalgar Castle was chosen by the Methodists as the perfect location for the new Ontario Ladies' College, which it houses to this day. — **Jessica Mace**

TAKE THE DAY OFF

October 7

To remember Jean-Baptiste Legardeur de Repentigny, who on this date in 1663 became the first mayor of Quebec, but held the position for only a few weeks. Give yourself the key to the city.

October 10

To commemorate the 300th anniversary of the first Anglican service in Canada at Chebucto, now Halifax. Sing a psalm.

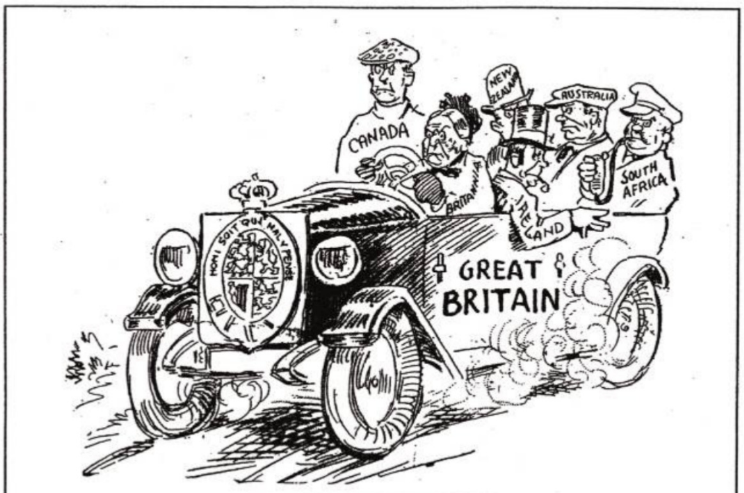
LAUGH LINES

Taking the wheel

The First World War sped up Canada's transition from colony to nation. During the war, Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden fought for a voice for the dominions in imperial policy, and after the war he insisted on their right to take part in the Paris Peace Conference and to sign the resulting Treaty of Versailles. Borden also worked to gain Canada full membership in the League of Nations.

Similar efforts by Prime Minister W.L.M. King and other leaders of the dominions led to informal recognition of their independence from Great Britain at an Imperial Conference held in 1926. The conference gave Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and the Irish Free State the right to look after their own external affairs.

— Charles Hou



AN AMERICAN VIEW OF IT

Every Man (to himself): "I'm tired of the old lady's driving. I wish I had a bus of my own."
—Morris

This cartoon by Morris appeared in the December 4, 1926, edition of *The Literary Digest*.

BY THE NUMBERS

Canadian Public Health Association

The CPHA was founded in 1910 to help control and prevent communicable diseases. Its mission is to maintain and improve the health of all Canadians through policy advice, research, and advocacy. Centenary celebrations include national campaigns to raise awareness of public health achievements.

30 Increased years of the average Canadian lifespan since the early 1900s, twenty-five years of which can be attributed to public health advances.

533 Deaths caused by a 1927 Montreal typhoid epidemic stemming from contaminated milk. In 1938, thanks to pressure from the CPHA and the Canadian Medical Association, Ontario was the first province to make the pasteurization of milk compulsory.

1943 The year Canada introduced its first food guide, aimed at improving health and preventing nutritional deficiencies.

11,000 Number of Canadians paralyzed due to polio between 1949 and 1954. At the epidemic's peak in 1953, five hundred Canadians died from the disease, but the introduction of the Salk and Sabin vaccines meant that ten years later there were no documented cases.

6,200 Estimated Canadian lives saved from the increased use of seat belts between 1989 and 2003.

20 Number of work-related injuries per thousand Canadians in 2006, down from forty per thousand in 1988.

18 The estimated percentage of Canadians over the age of fifteen who smoked regularly or occasionally in 2008, compared to roughly fifty per cent in 1965.

— Compiled by Sandy Klowak

October 20

To observe the day in 1953 when CKSO-TV in Sudbury, Ontario, became Canada's first private television station to take to the airwaves. Change the channel.

November 10

To celebrate the first Canadian Rugby Union championship game — forerunner of the Grey Cup — held in Toronto in 1892. Osgoode Hall Rugby Club defeated the Montreal Football Club 45–5. Drop-kick till it hurts.

November 29

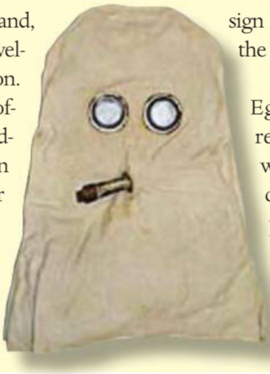
To mark the establishment of the Honorary Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research — later called the National Research Council — in 1916 in Ottawa. Get wired.

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Gas mask

When the German army used chlorine gas against Canadians during the First World War Battle of Ypres, soldiers had little in the way of protection. Some used a handkerchief or rag soaked in urine, which was held up to the mouth and nose to try to avoid the noxious fumes.

Cluny Macpherson, a doctor from St. John's, Newfoundland, was instrumental in the development of a better solution. Sent overseas as a medical officer with the 1st Newfoundland Regiment, Macpherson was serving as an advisor on poisonous gases in Gallipoli, Turkey, when he made a canvas hood with transparent eyepieces and a breathing tube. It was treated with chemicals that offered protection against airborne chlorine.



Versions of the Macpherson respirator were used by the British Army throughout the remainder of the war, with continuing improvements to make the device more practical and to defend against other chemicals. His gas mask protected countless soldiers from disfigurement and blindness, and developments of his original design have since been used around the world.

After suffering an injury in Egypt in 1916, Macpherson returned to Newfoundland, where he continued his medical service. He held notable positions, including president of the Medical Council of Canada, and received many honours for his work.

— **Amanda Hope**

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CREATIVE CLASS

Prairie

rob kovitz
ICE FISHING IN GIMLI
a novel
volume 1

Rob Kovitz's most ambitious project not only includes historical accounts among its panoply of compiled source materials — it has its own extensive history.

The Winnipeg-based artist and architect has for twenty years been creating unique "bookworks" under his own imprint, Treyf Books. His latest effort, entitled *Ice Fishing in Gimli*, results from ten years of work and has been displayed at various stages of completion in art galleries across the country. Excerpts have appeared in magazines and journals.

Filling eight volumes and nearly five thousand pages, this is no ordinary "novel." Readers will find writings by explorers Alexander Mackenzie and David Thompson split by a section of Thomas Mann's *The Magic Moun-*

epic

tain. In the chapter "road movie," photos of Canadian Tire stores across northern Ontario are interspersed with passages from Charles Baudelaire, Glenn Gould, and Margaret Atwood, among many others.

In fact, readers are likely to go "off the map" and find themselves cast in the role of explorer as they travel this fascinating collection of excerpts borrowed from a huge variety of textual sources and accompanied by photographs and illustrations, advertisements, magazine covers, architectural diagrams, paintings, film stills — you name it.

Influences include Walter Benjamin's *Arcades Project* and the more experimental books of Manitoba-raised Marshall McLuhan, while the entire project is reputed to contain nary a passage written by Kovitz.

Instead, the texts and images presented in *Ice Fishing* are drawn from the wealth of subject matter Kovitz devours in the course of his own research, while the hand of the artist comes to bear in the selection, juxtaposition, and final presentation of the collected materials.

For example, the lengthy chapter "new world" includes advertisements that drew settlers by disguising the often harsh realities of the prairie landscape, as well as a photo of the Jewish cemetery at a community abandoned in the 1920s. "Here it's so desolate and frightening on the wild prairie. It is like the ocean. We are a tiny midpoint in a circle," Danish immigrants say in an excerpted letter.

Kovitz calls the project "an epic postmodern citation saga" that is "set in and around a strange small town and a large frozen lake in the uncharted centre of Canada."

The town of Gimli — which is located on the western shore of Lake Winnipeg and formed the heart of the colony New Iceland — draws its name from Norse mythology. In Kovitz's hands, it receives its own heroic treatment.

— **Phil Koch**

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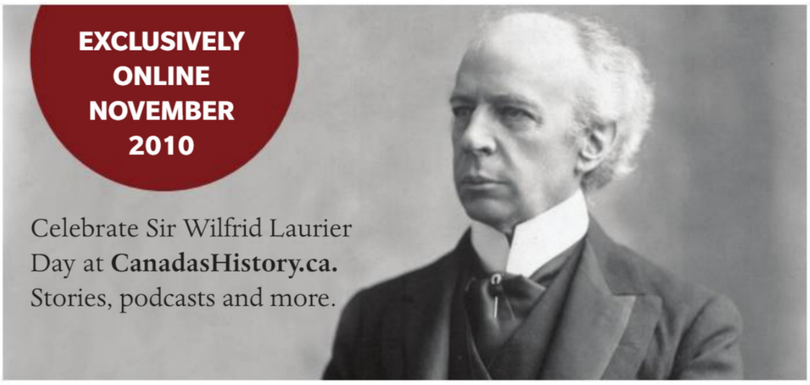
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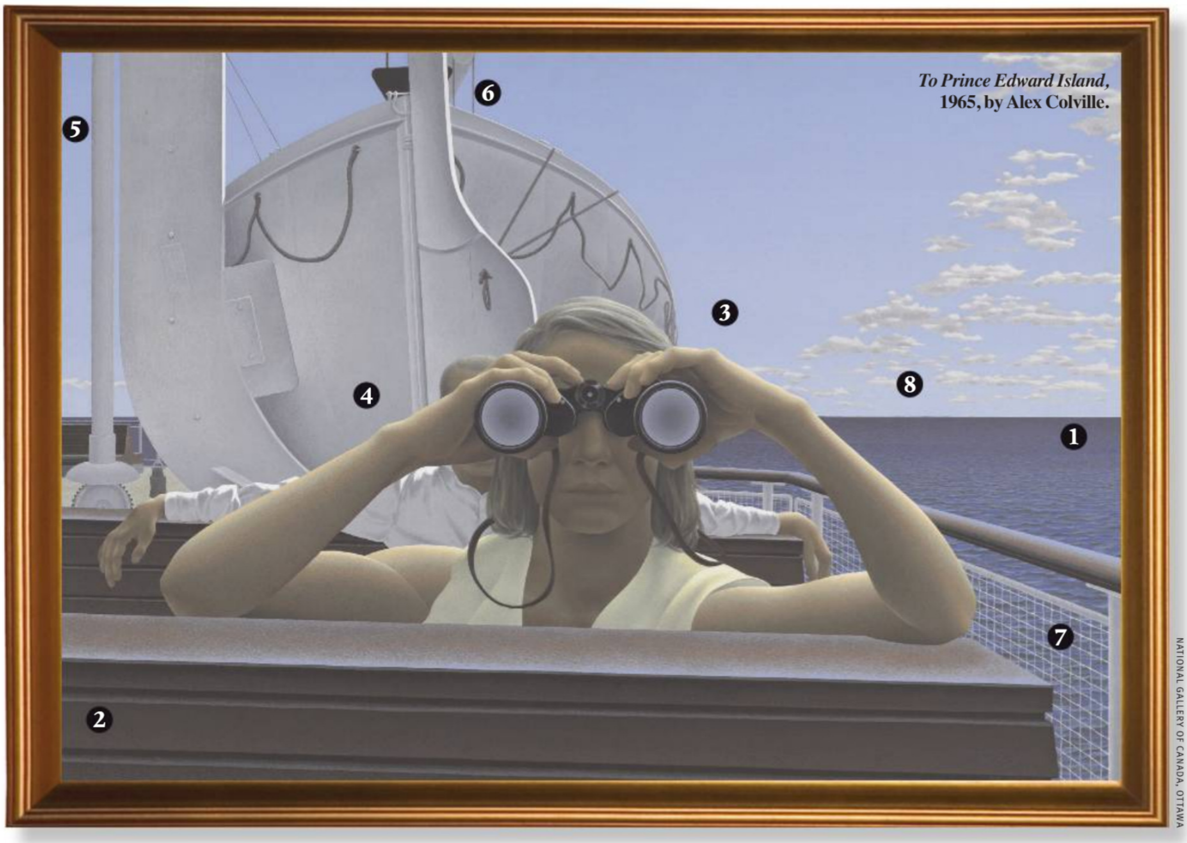


To Prince Edward Island, 1965, by Alex Colville.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA, OTTAWA

Watching the watcher

Alex Colville explores the anxieties of anonymity and voyeurism in his painting.

① Alex Colville was born in Toronto in 1920, but raised in Nova Scotia. Several of his paintings have a maritime theme, featuring the ocean and/or boats.

② A former war artist who served in World War II, Colville was greatly affected by the horrors he witnessed — particularly at the Bergen-Belsen Nazi concentration camp. "I have an essentially dark view of the world and human affairs," he once said. "Anxiety is the normality of our age."

③ Colville's painting creates a sense of unease in the viewer. There is an imbalance of power — the woman's eyes are obscured, but viewers are captured by her gaze. They are placed under scrutiny even as they scrutinize the work.

④ Anonymity is a recurring theme in Colville's works. Who is the man behind the woman? A husband? A lover? Or is he another voyeur, watching her watch us?

⑤ *To Prince Edward Island* was created in 1965. Colville, who worked with acrylic emulsion on masonite, has been called a hyperrealist for his ability to paint incredibly detailed paintings.

⑦ Until the advent of reliable air travel, a voyage to P.E.I. meant taking a boat. In winter, iceboats were the only means of transportation to the island. They were gradually replaced by icebreaking ferries, and the last iceboat was pulled from service in 1917.

⑦ In 1885, fifteen passengers and crew of three iceboats became stranded on the ice and almost died, prompting calls for a permanent icebreaking ferry service to P.E.I.

⑧ The Confederation Bridge, which opened in 1997, replaced the ferry route between Cape Tormentine, N.S., and Borden, P.E.I. At 12.9 kilometres, it is the world's longest bridge over ice-covered water.

A prairie pilgrimage

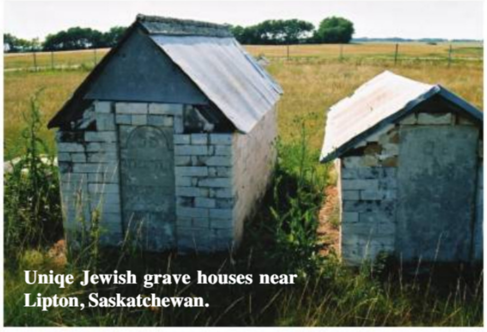
A visit to a Jewish graveyard in Saskatchewan proves inspiring. By Isa Milman

It's not often that one stumbles upon a gift in an obscure Saskatchewan cemetery — the seeds of a book of Canadian history told through poetry — but that's exactly what happened to me in the summer of 2003.

As I prepared for a writers' retreat at St. Michael's monastery near Regina, a friend in Victoria, B.C., suggested I visit the Lipton Hebrew Cemetery. It was an unusual cemetery, she said, and some of her ancestors were buried there. Jewish farmers in Saskatchewan, at the turn of the twentieth century? I had no idea of this.

I'd lived in Canada for nearly thirty years, but mostly in Montreal, where the story of Canada was all about Quebec and Ontario. Since moving to British Columbia in 1996, my appreciation and knowledge of the West had grown considerably, but my ignorance was still large. That's what prompted me to visit this cemetery. Although I felt an urgency about it, I was completely unaware that my life was about to change, and that a chance suggestion would lead me on a prairie pilgrimage — first through the fields and towns of Saskatchewan, and then back in time, roughly 150 years, to the Europe from which my parents came.

Finding the cemetery was a bit of a challenge. It wasn't in the town of Lipton, but somewhere beyond, in the middle of a field, at a curve in the road. When my companion and I stepped through the gate, we were stunned to find a variety of little gable-roofed houses built atop the graves. As we walked the rows, noting the other graves with more familiar stone markers, my companion, who wasn't Jewish, kept asking me questions: “Why these grave houses? How do Jews bury their dead? What did the inscriptions on the headstones mean?”



Uniqe Jewish grave houses near Lipton, Saskatchewan.

ISA MILMAN

As I struggled with the answers, I realized that, much as I was educated in Jewish history and tradition, I knew virtually nothing about Jewish death and burial practices. But as ignorant as I was, I knew the grave-houses were unique, and foreign to other Jewish cemeteries in North America.

In the little cemetery shed, we found a loose-leaf binder filled with tantalizing fragments about the Romanian and Russian Jews who arrived in Lipton starting in the late nineteenth century. They'd each bought 160 acres (a quarter section) for ten dollars, with the stipulation that they live on the land for at least six months a year for three years and break thirty acres. Then the land was theirs to keep.

Most had no experience of farming, and most knew no English. They arrived to no visible civilization. The prairie grasses had never been plowed before.

I tried to imagine myself arriving in those circumstances, carrying the hopes and fears of transplanting myself in wilderness, while leaving loved ones behind, knowing that I'd never see them again. My poetic mind became terribly excited.

One fragment in the loose-leaf binder, from a newspaper clipping, described the grave houses as a means “to preserve loved ones from the ravages of wild animals and spirits.” I could understand the problem of wild animals, especially in winter, when the frozen earth would be impossible to dig, but ravages of spirits? It didn't ring Yiddish in my ears.

I wondered whether this was a reflection of a close relationship between the new arrivals and the First Nations people? They certainly would have had to share their knowledge in order to survive in this harsh prairie environment.

I resolved to discover the origin of these grave-houses, and in the process to learn about Jewish death and burial practices. I wanted to learn more about the conditions that drove Eastern European Jews to choose this life over the oppression of the Pale of Settlement — that region of western Russia that was officially designated as a place of residency for Jews.

I didn't realize it at the time, but something extraordinary had happened to me in that cemetery:

As if I heard a drum
struck by an invisible hand,
as if after thirty years in Canada
the grass sang me a welcome song,
as if those Jewish bones called me
meydele, *said they'd waited for me so long,*
long as if they laid their hands on my eyes
to unblind me, and pulled me close to listen

From these beats emerged a book, *Prairie Kiddish*, peopled with characters like Mendele, a boy of twelve buried in his schoolboy grave house; Ms. W., whose suicide grave spoke to me from the far corner of the cemetery; and Baron and Baroness de Hirsch, who financed many of the colonies. Their voices now speak history through my poetry.

Isa Milman is a Victoria poet, visual artist, and occupational therapist. *Prairie Kaddish* was published by Coteau Books in 2008.

All in the family

Genealogists discover we are more connected than we think we are. by Terrence M. Punch

We can't form opinions about anything outside our immediate knowledge without reference to someone else's experience. And we escape narrow-mindedness by gathering information from many sources.

As a genealogist, I urge family historians to cast their nets widely, not merely to answer specific research questions, but to learn more broadly about their field of study. I read regularly in search of new ideas and perspectives other than my own, and for affirmation that people I respect share my opinions.

During my research, I have encountered many thought-provoking pieces that I recommend to those who are serious about genealogy.

Recently, I have been thinking about the writings of philosopher Isaiah Berlin. He blamed the long history of ethnic and racial strife in the world on the misguided, yet still prevalent, notion that "those who do not share my faith, my race or my ideology, do not share my humanity."

ISTOCK

As historians of those who have gone before us, genealogists can help show that people share so many bloodlines that ethnic or sectarian bias is as factually wrong as it is socially harmful.

For instance, American genealogist Elizabeth Shown Mills devoted her 1996 article "Ethnicity and the Southern Genealogist: Myths and Misconceptions, Resources and Opportunities" to refuting the idea that black, white, and red Americans co-existed in isolation in the antebellum South. She found, for example, that in northwest Louisiana forty-nine percent of the native-born white population had aboriginal blood.

One thought-provoking book is *The Mountain of Names: A History of the Human Family* by American author Alex Shoumatoff. He makes a convincing case for the claim that all the major population groups in the Eurasian-African land mass share a high possibility of having at least one common ancestor who was alive within the past one thousand years. He identified the Near East as the place where this genealogical intermingling occurred.

In a 2000 article in the journal *Science*, behaviourial scientist Peter Underhill and his colleagues reported the results of their research on the Y chromosome, which is inherited only by sons from their fathers. His team at the Stanford Genome Technology Center identified twenty-two markers that formed specific patterns and found that about ninety-five percent of European males fell into ten of the patterns, suggesting common ancestry within the past 40,000 years.

Two years later, geneticist Bryan Sykes published *The Seven Daughters of Eve*, which detailed the relationship between Europeans and Indo-Europeans. Sykes and his team at Oxford University studied mitochondrial DNA, which is passed only from mothers to their children and is carried forward only through unbroken female descent. Sykes found that Europeans and Indo-Europeans trace their mitochondrial lines back to seven women who lived 10,000 to 45,000 years ago.

What does this all mean? Well, for one thing, it means we are all more closely related than we think — and much more closely than some of us would like to believe. The research certainly makes nonsense of the myriad racist theories that have plagued us throughout history, as well as the racial and ethnic politics that continue to divide us.

Canada is interesting not because it is a homogeneous monolith, but precisely due to the diversity of peoples and cultures it has embraced.

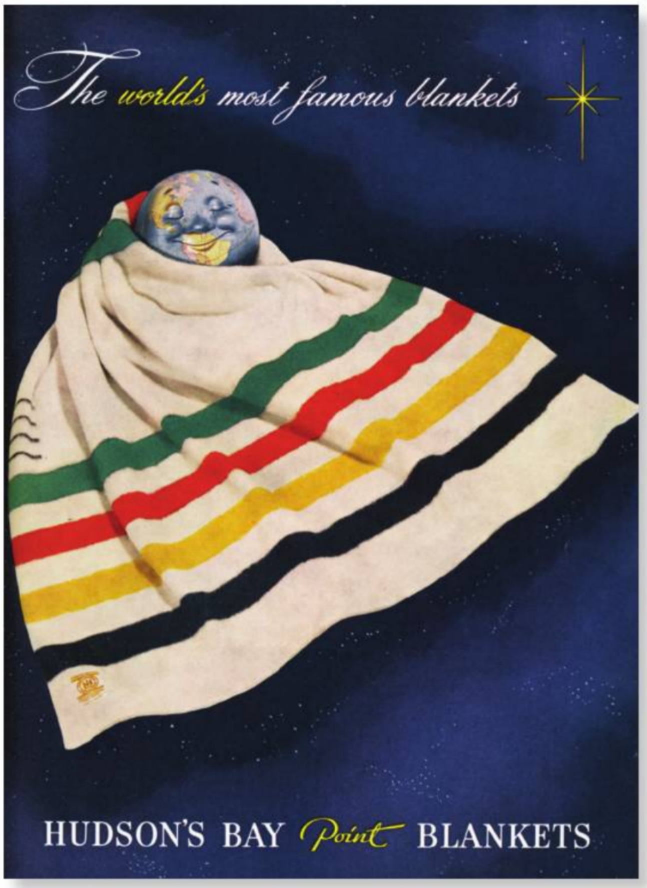
Genealogy is about the search for relationships. It is about widening our circle, not excluding or shunning those who don't suit our preconceptions.

Genealogical research should produce a family — with both its human virtues and its failings. We are all related, yet different. Accept the former and enjoy the latter.

Dr. Terrence M. Punch is the resident genealogist for CBC Radio on *Maritime Noon* and the author of ten books, including *Erin's Sons: Irish Arrivals in Atlantic Canada, 1761-1853, Volume II* (2009).

TALES AND TREASURES

From the fur trade history of the Hudson's Bay Company


The world's most famous blankets
HUDSON'S BAY Point BLANKETS

Point blanket

"Famous the world over, for a lifetime of luxurious comfort and warmth," boasted the Hudson's Bay Company, which made these blankets a regular trade item in 1780. The short black lines woven into the side of each blanket are called points, from the French *empointer*, and indicate the size and weight of the item. The now iconic blanket is shown here in a 1950s *Beaver* ad with the traditional colours of green, red, yellow, and indigo.

In The Beaver…

90 years ago

Perilous journey

Excerpts from the diary of Christy Harding, HBC's post manager at York Factory, are featured in the October 1920 issue. The article "Bucking the Ice-Floes in Late Summer Trip From York to Severn" describes a "quick voyage" to deliver supplies that became a week-long journey. From July 30 to August 4, 1920, the crew and passengers aboard the *Fort York* were forced to put out fires, dodge ice floes, and wait out storms.

60 years ago

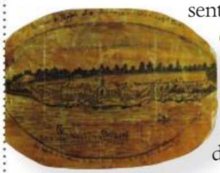
Beautiful British Columbia

Nine photographs by Richard Harrington, titled "In the Valley of the Peace," capture the beauty of the Peace River area in central British Columbia. With descriptions by Lyn Harrington, the June 1950 issue shows the mighty river, with its rugged chasms and picturesque fishing holes. It also includes photos of people like the "old ferryman" and a poignant image of a First Nations mother and child.

30 years ago

Spreading the word

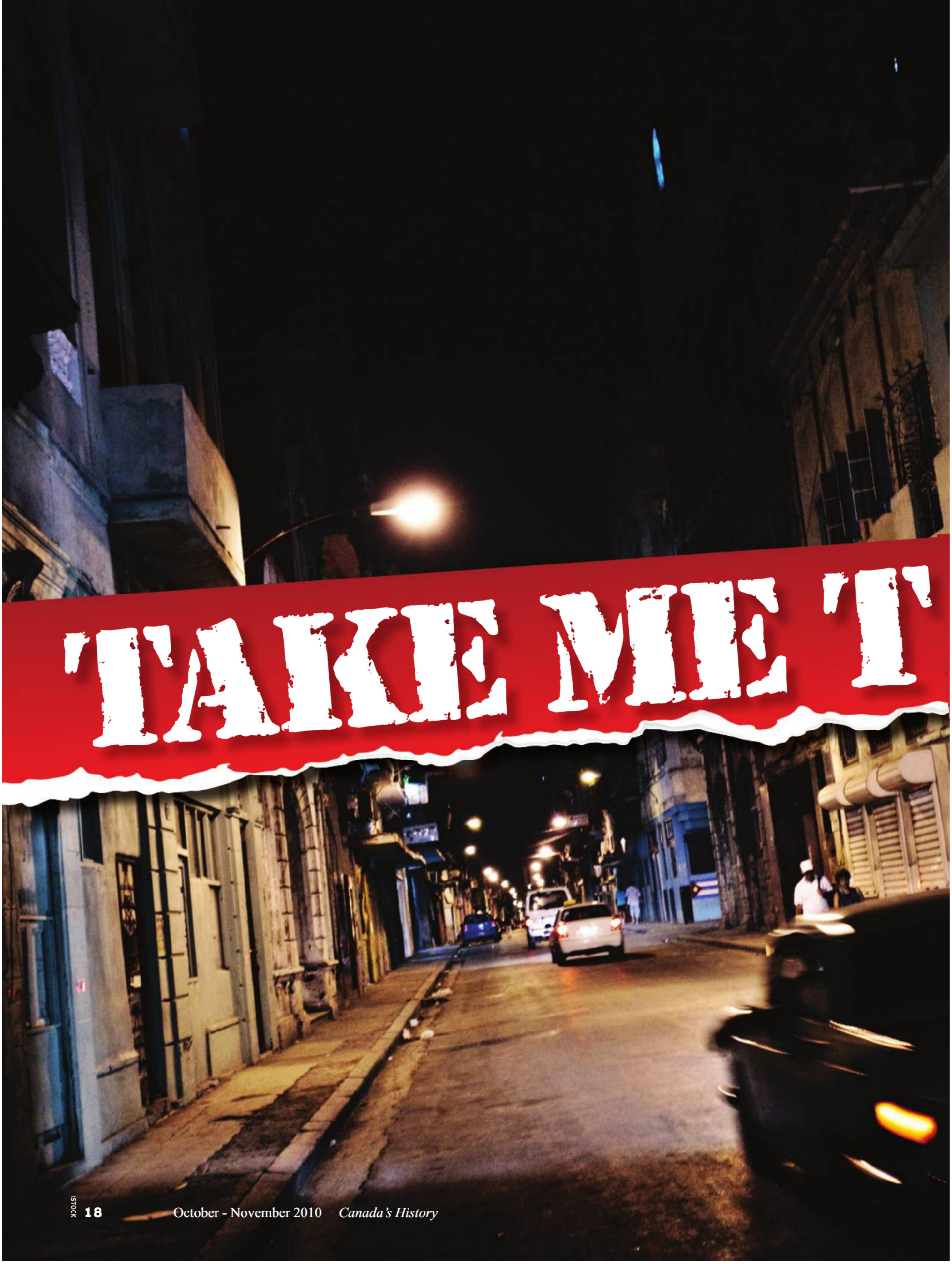
The Winter 1980 story "The Mission at Ile-à-la-Crosse" tells of two young Roman Catholic priests sent to a remote Hudson's Bay Company post. "They sent me children!" post manager J.N. Provencher cried upon seeing them. This drawing, done on onion skin by Louis Riel's sister, Sara, shows the mission in 1874, when she worked in the school and hospital at Ile-à-la-Crosse, Saskatchewan.



The Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, launched *The Beaver* (now *Canada's History* magazine) in 1920. To explore the history and heritage of the Hudson's Bay Company, and to read stories from ninety years of its flagship magazine, go to **CanadasHistory.ca**.

THE BEAVER

TAKE ME T



ISTOCK

Havana Centro,
Cuba.

O HAVANA

Forty years ago, FLQ kidnappers agreed to free a British diplomat in return for safe passage to Cuba. What happened to the would-be revolutionaries?

by Maria Amuchastegui

On December 3, 1970, Donna Mergler, a twenty-six-year-old biology professor at the newly opened Université du Québec à Montréal, stayed at her office until late, working on the launch of her department's master's program. She then walked to her father's law office, which was nearby, to borrow his car and drive home. She found her father's secretary, Linda, in tears. "Your father has probably been arrested," said Linda. "I'm waiting for him to call."

The October Crisis was underway and nearly five hundred Quebec citizens had been jailed. The first wave of arrests had taken place in October, but the detentions continued into December. Donna's father, Bernard Mergler, was exactly the sort of person who was being picked up by the police. A prominent civil rights lawyer, he had represented Pierre Vallières, the intellectual leader of the Front de Libération du Québec (FLQ) and author of the international bestseller *Nègres blancs d'Amérique* (published in English as *White Niggers of America*), in addition to handling commercial matters for the Cuban consulate in Montreal.

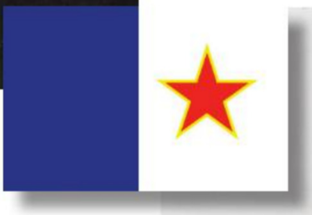
In fact, the police had something else in mind for Mergler. A voice on the phone had told him to "go downstairs. Somebody from the Sûreté du Québec [the Quebec provincial police] will be waiting for you." Upon reaching the bottom of the stairs, he learned that he had been summoned by Robert Demers, who represented the Quebec government in negotiations with the FLQ. The members of the FLQ Libération cell wanted Bernard Mergler to be their lawyer. They had agreed to release British Trade Commissioner James

Cross, whom they had kidnapped two months earlier, in exchange for safe passage to Cuba.

It's been forty years since the October Crisis paralyzed the nation. Images from the crisis — from Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau telling a CBC reporter to "just watch me" to soldiers patrolling the streets of Montreal — are still seared in people's imaginations. But the afterstory — the subsequent exile of the FLQ in Cuba — is less well-known. This is an account of how members of the FLQ ended up in Cuba and what happened to them while they were there, as told by women who participated in the events. Not only is this story fascinating in its own right, the FLQ's insistence on a Cuban dénouement is reflective of larger international movements in which it saw itself participating, such as the national liberation movement in Algeria and the socialist revolution in Cuba. The reception of the FLQ in Cuba sheds light, in turn, on Canada's complicated relationship with the celebrated but diplomatically isolated Caribbean island.

FONDATION CHARLES-GAGNON

Above: Lawyer Bernard Mergler consults with his clients, FLQ leaders Pierre Vallières and Charles Gagnon, in court.



CANADIAN PRESS

Centre: The FLQ flag. Its colours are similar to that of the Cuban flag and both flags include a distinctive star, a symbol of socialism.

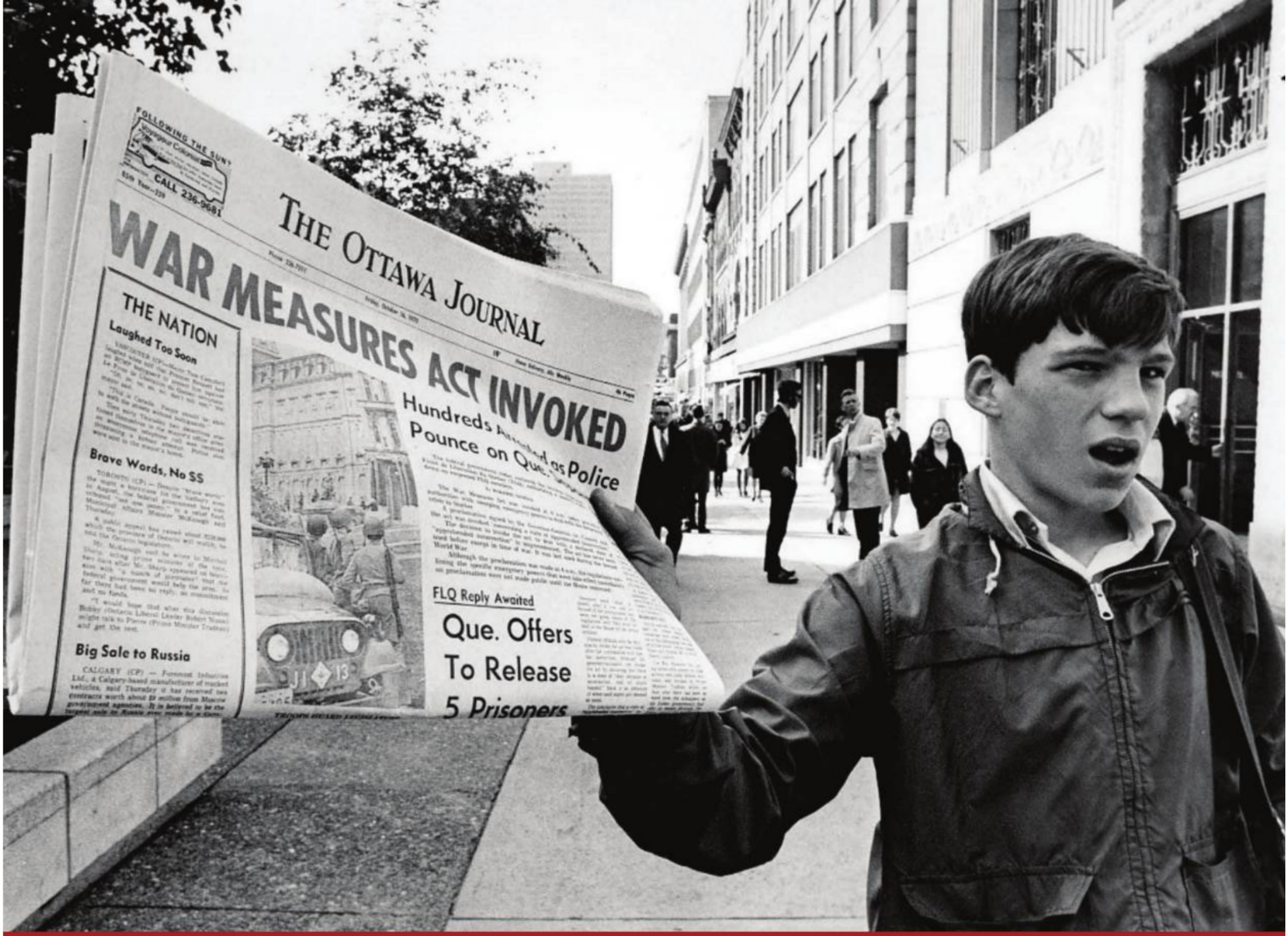
CANADIAN PRESS

Right: British Trade Commisioner James Cross plays solitaire in this photo released by his kidnappers in early November 1970, almost one month after he was abducted.

The kidnapping of James Cross by the Libération cell, which triggered the October Crisis, was the latest in a series of escalating attacks, including mail bombs and holdups, that left several people dead. In exchange for freeing Cross, the FLQ demanded the release of twenty-three FLQ members they considered to be political prisoners. The FLQ also demanded the broadcast of the FLQ Manifesto, $500,000 in gold bullion, and safe passage to Algeria or Cuba. On October 8, 1970, the FLQ Manifesto was read on Radio-Canada television, the French-language arm of the CBC.

On October 10, the Chénier cell, another FLQ grouping, kidnapped Pierre Laporte, the Quebec minister of labour. On October 14, sixteen *grands personnages*, eminent personalities that included *Le Devoir* editor Claude Ryan and Parti Québécois leader René Lévesque, held a press conference calling for the release of the twenty-three "political prisoners." Lévesque started the press conference by declaring that "Quebec does not have a government." The next day, Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa, likely at the request of Trudeau, called in the army to patrol the streets of Montreal. That night, three thousand supporters flocked to Paul Sauvé arena, chanting "FLQ! FLQ!" The next day, the government invoked the War Measures Act, which retroactively made it illegal to support the FLQ and temporarily suspended civil liberties in Canada. Two days later, police found the body of Pierre Laporte. The assassination of Laporte provoked widespread revulsion in Quebec against the methods, if not the aims, of the FLQ. It also made the federal government, which until then had refused to negotiate with the FLQ, agree to provide safe passage to Cuba for the members of the Libération cell — although not the Chénier cell — in order to prevent the killing of Cross. Canada secretly approached Algeria and Cuba; Fidel Castro agreed to take them in.

Bernard Mergler's voice was tense as he called his daughter with the news. He had gotten caught up in a potentially violent situation. Montreal was in a state of siege; the kidnappers had been the object of a two-month manhunt. Donna drove home and waited. Soon the radio announced that a car holding James Cross, her father, and three of the members of the Libération cell — Jacques Lanctôt, Marc Carbonneau, and Yves Langlois — was making its way to the Terre des Hommes complex, the site of Expo 67. Bernard Mergler had put himself next to the car door because he was afraid that soldiers would "come in shooting" as soon as they saw the FLQ, but the door wouldn't stay shut



Above: A newsboy holds up a copy of the *Ottawa Journal* with a banner headline reporting the invoking of the War Measures Act on October 16, 1970. It was the first time Canada had invoked the act in peacetime.

THE GOVERNMENT INVOKED THE WAR MEASURES ACT, WHICH RETROACTIVELY MADE IT ILLEGAL TO SUPPORT THE FLQ AND TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED CIVIL LIBERTIES IN CANADA.

and he had to keep it closed himself.

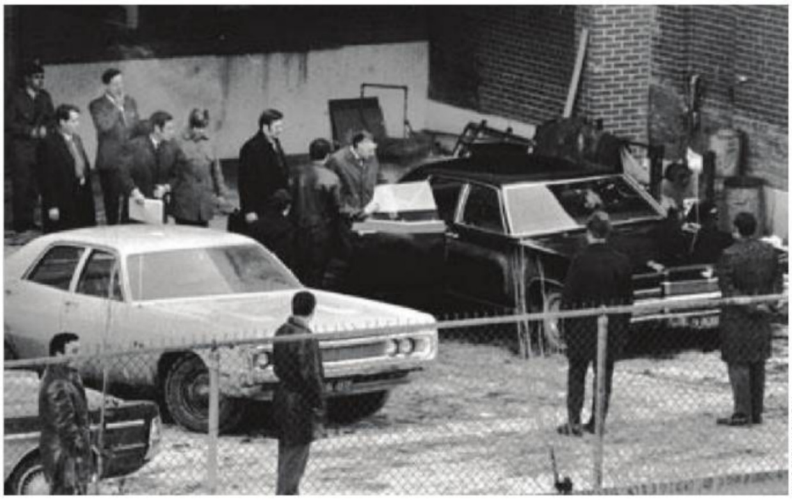
In the other car were the remaining members of the Libération cell: Jacques' sister Louise Lanctôt and her then-husband Jacques Cossette-Trudel. Two days earlier, at the Henri-Bourassa subway station, the young couple had found themselves encircled by a phalanx of RCMP officers. The police detained and questioned the couple; the next day, the police staked out the house on Rue des Récollets where the other members of the cell were holding James Cross, although the police did not attempt at this point to rescue Cross from the heavily armed kidnappers. This event was a turning point in the October Crisis and set the cell members on the path to their eventual exile in Cuba.

Finally, Donna got another call from her father. This time, he sounded palpably relieved. He and his charges had safely reached the Terre des Hommes, which for legal reasons had temporarily been declared Cuban territory. Jacques Lanctôt wanted to take his wife Suzanne and their two-year-old son Boris with him to Cuba, and he didn't want the police to pick them up. Could Donna give them a ride?

It was snowing gently as Donna pulled her dad's blue Meteor into a parking lot in east Montreal. She flashed her lights; another car in the parking lot flashed back. A woman emerged from the other car, carrying a toddler. The woman and child got into the car with Donna, who drove over the Concorde Bridge towards the Terre des Hommes, which had been cordoned off by the police. Donna pulled up to the police barrier; the police examined her car for bombs. She dropped off Suzanne and Boris at the pavilion, and Donna and her father went home. The kidnappers then boarded a military aircraft bound for Cuba.

On the plane to Cuba, Louise Lanctôt felt what she would describe in *Une sorcière comme les autres* (Just Another Witch), her 1981 account of her exile in Cuba and France, as "the bitter taste of defeat." The kidnapping of James Cross was supposed to represent an advance in strategy for the FLQ, a way to strike at the root of colonial capitalism. But the FLQ found itself no further ahead in its goal of achieving national liberation for Quebec through armed struggle.

Once the plane landed in Havana, the kidnappers entered José Martí International Airport by a special door. They gave an impromptu press conference to the gaggle of journalists that was awaiting their arrival, a press conference that would never be publicized. Their Cuban hosts gave them an exotic fruit juice that they couldn't identify; they would later learn it was mango juice.


THE MONTREAL STAR

Above: British diplomat James Cross is released on December 3, 1970. In exchange, his FLQ kidnappers received safe passage to Cuba.

The twenty-three-year-old would-be revolutionary thought she was dreaming as she sped past palm trees on the drive into town; the tropical Cuban landscape was a shock after Montreal. Old Havana had no commercial signs, only slogans. The Hotel Deauville, where the Cuban government initially put up its FLQ charges, was a three-star hotel on the Malecón, the famous ocean boardwalk. The Cubans asked the group to take their meals in their room and not to go down to the lobby. But the Cubans were kindly and Spanish did not seem too difficult, Lanctôt reasoned. Maybe it would be paradise.

After a few weeks at the Hotel Deauville, the Cubans took the kidnappers on a whirlwind tour of Cuba and then transferred them to a house in Guanabo, a small town about twenty-five kilometres from Havana. The FLQ members were assigned a translator, a cook, and a handler named Amado, who they promptly nicknamed Bien-Aimé (Beloved). The house in Guanabo had an ocean view, but the Cubans asked them not to go outside, suggesting they enjoy the food and the sun from indoors. The Cubans would often tell the kidnappers that Fidel Castro wanted to meet them, but when they asked when the meeting would take place, the reply was always *mañana* (tomorrow).

While in Guanabo, the would-be revolutionaries asked their Cuban hosts for military training. In the 1960s, after all, Cuba was known for "exporting revolution" — for providing revolutionary movements in other countries with training in guerrilla warfare. As Lanctôt explained in a recent interview with *Canada's History*, the FLQ had asked for exile to Cuba or Algeria because they represented "other countries that had been liberated by revolutionaries." The FLQ, she added, was particularly inspired by the Tupamaros, Uruguayan urban guerrillas who pioneered the technique of kidnapping diplomats for political ends. The group would later learn from an interview with External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp, broadcast on Radio Canada International and picked up by their shortwave radio, that they were still under Canadian jurisdiction, so military training was not likely to be forthcoming. "We wery very idealistic," Lanctôt said, laughing at the recollection of her younger self. "We were expecting to go to Cuba, to live like guerrillas, to learn armed struggle. That wasn't it at all."

After a brief stint in another house in Guanabo, this time without an ocean view, the kidnappers demanded to return to Havana. The Cubans took them on a whirlwind tour of the entire island before sending them back to the Hotel Deauville. Lanctôt and her husband toured Cuba using the assumed identities of Monsieur and Madame Alfred Cauteau, French citizens. At the request of the Cuban government, the group spent their entire time in Cuba using fake names that were always changing. This complicated mundane activities such as visits to the doctor, since their files could never be located.

The Cubans encouraged the kidnappers to participate in "voluntary labour" such as harvesting sugar cane. Louise Lanctôt and her husband also began working for two press agencies, Prensa Latina and Agence de presse libre du

FLQ TIMELINE

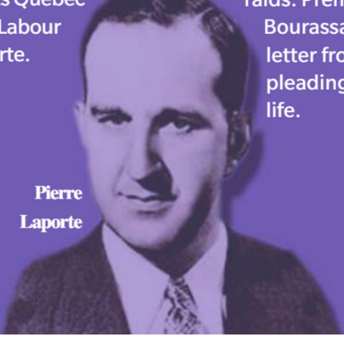
James Cross

OCTOBER 5, 1970

British Trade Commissioner James Cross is kidnapped in Montreal. The FLQ cell holding him makes several demands, including the release of twenty-three "political prisoners."

OCTOBER 10

The Chénier cell of the FLQ abducts Quebec Minister of Labour Pierre Laporte.


Pierre Laporte

OCTOBER 11

Police conduct several raids. Premier Robert Bourassa receives a letter from Laporte pleading to save his life.

OCTOBER 15-16

The army is sent in to assist police in Quebec. Students rally in Montreal in support of the FLQ. The next morning, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau announces invocation of the War Measures Act. Mass arrests of suspected FLQ supporters and sympathizers follow.

Quebec (APLQ), providing news of Quebec to the Cuba-based Prensa Latina and news of Cuba to the Quebec-based APLQ. This work became a lifeline for them, allowing them to receive news from back home and from around the world and providing them with the opportunity to do work that was both useful and intellectual.

In 1972, the Cubans moved the group to the Hotel Nacional, a storied luxury hotel that would serve as their home for the remainder of their stay and which Louise Lanctôt described as *très* chic. Previous guests included celebrities such as Winston Churchill and Frank Sinatra. The kidnappers joked that putting them up at the Hotel Nacional was still cheaper than sending them to a Canadian prison. Lanctôt's son, Alexis, was born one month after their arrival. Historical accounts of the October Crisis that mention Cuba always name the Hotel Deauville as the site where the members of the Libération cell were housed courtesy of the Cuban government. But they actually stayed at several locations and spent nearly half their time at the Hotel Nacional.

Despite the chic surroundings, Louise Lanctôt emphasizes in *Une sorcière* that exile was not a "marvellous adventure." This was in response to articles that had appeared in the Quebec press implying that they were having a grand time. Writing home was one issue; the Cubans encouraged the group to write letters to their family in Quebec, but the letters, intercepted by the Cubans, would never arrive. The group eventually overcame this problem by finding Québécois tourists at their hotel and asking them to relay letters home. Even their walks around Old Havana were circumscribed. Lanctôt recalled that on one occasion the group had wandered farther than usual, prompting their Cuban handler to call them in and point out that they had strayed outside the allowed zone. "We were received on the isle of Cuba, but we did not have the right to do anything," she said. "It was not freedom, and it was certainly not guerrilla warfare."

Living in forced proximity with other members of the FLQ inevitably lead to internal strife, with recriminations and accusations of betrayal. Eventually, Lanctôt and her husband wrote a letter to the others announcing that they were breaking off their ties to the FLQ because the movement did not correspond with the reality of Quebec. "Armed struggle always ends badly," she said in an interview. "As you can see in various Latin American countries, it always degenerates into power struggles. It is no longer a question of liberation. It is just a matter of fighting for an ideology and not for the people."

The silver lining was that Cuba had become a mecca for political exiles from Latin America, especially after the 1973 coup in Chile. Lanctôt developed close friendships with these exiles, who regaled her with tales of Latin American history. But for the most part Lanctôt spent her days inside her room, staring at the oppressive Cuban sun.

When the members of the Libération cell arrived in Cuba, they joined the budding colony of felquistes (FLQ members) who had preceded them there. Pierre Charette and Alain Allard, members of the FLQ cell that had placed a bomb in the Montreal Stock Exchange in March 1969, fled to New York City when they heard their fellow cell member Pierre-Paul Geoffroy had been arrested. However, they found New York "unliveable" and feared the FBI was on their tail. After considering Chile, which was then governed by the socialist Salvador Allende but was too far to be easily reached, and Puerto Rico, which had an independence movement but was part of the U.S., they concluded that Cuba, which was socialist and yet close to the U.S., was the only logical destination. Armed with a .38-calibre shotgun and a hunting knife, Charette and Allard hijacked an Eastern Airlines Boeing 727 bound for Miami, forcing the pilot to land in Havana. While in New York, they had already gotten in touch with Cuba's representative to the United Nations, who had arranged for political asylum.

Charette and Allard describe their time in Cuba in *De Cuba le FLQ parle* (From Cuba, the FLQ speaks), written by the journalist Michèle Tremblay, and *Mes dix années d'exil à Cuba* (My ten years of exile in Cuba), written by Charette himself. Initially unable to speak Spanish and unfamiliar with the food, they were desperately homesick and yet mistrustful of any Quebec tourists they encountered, fearing they were informants. They spent much time in their hotel room, waiting for directives from the Cuban government, and volunteered harvesting sugar cane. Eventually, Charette got a job as a French translator at *Granma*, the official newspaper of the Cuban government.

Charette and Allard were initially put up at the Hotel Vedado before being sent to a mansion that was, prior to the

OCTOBER 17

Pierre Laporte's body is found in the trunk of a car in St-Hubert, Quebec.

NOVEMBER 6

Police raid the hiding place of the Chenier cell and arrest Bernard Lortie. Other members of the cell escape.

Bernard Lortie

DECEMBER 3

James Cross is released unharmed in exchange for his kidnappers receiving safe passage to Cuba.

FEBRUARY 3, 1971

A report on the War Measures Act says that of the 497 people arrested, 435 were released and sixty-two were charged.

Cuban Revolution, home to the owner of the Tropicana, the famed nightclub. Because Cuba had gone through its own socialist revolution, it had a policy of automatically granting political asylum to anyone who claimed to be a revolutionary. As a result, hijackings to Havana were endemic and Cuba had become the go-to destination for a motley crew of international fugitives. To make it easier to keep an eye on all the hijackers, the Cuban government decided to place them all under the same roof. Although their new lodgings had a superb pool and frequent parties, Charette and Allard resented being lumped together with common criminals and staged a hunger strike until they were allowed to leave. (In 1970, Cuba would change its laws to make hijacking illegal and stem the flow of hijackers.)

Below: Louise Lanctôt and Jacques Cossette-Trudel at their sentencing in Montreal in December 1978.

RENÉ PICARD/LA PRESSE

Three months after the kidnappers arrived, Charette and Allard arranged to be transferred to the Hotel Deauville so they could be housed with their compatriots. Other FLQ members who found their way to Cuba were Raymond Villeneuve, an FLQ founder and the person who gave the FLQ its name, and François Mario Bachand, an FLQ member who led the March 1969 McGill français protests and who would later die in Paris under mysterious circumstances. Villeneuve and Bachand ended up at the Havana Libre Hotel, known as the Hilton before the Cuban Revolution.

January 5, 1974, marked a turning point for the kidnappers. Silvio, one of their handlers, told them that because of their "political trajectory" — presumably a reference to the evolution in their political thinking — Cuba no longer considered them to be terrorists and was willing to let them leave. He advised them to knock on the doors of foreign embassies in Havana until they found a country that was willing to take them in. Historical accounts of the October Crisis invariably state that the kidnappers were exiled in Cuba only to surface in France, as if they had absconded. But in Lanctôt's telling, the kidnappers left Cuba at the suggestion of the Cuban government because Cuba's agreement with Canada was good for three years and their three years were up.

Lanctôt and her husband arrived in Paris on July 31, 1974, the other members of the Libération cell having preceded them. Their daughter, Marie-Ange, was born a few months after their arrival. Despite the famous 1967 declaration of support for Quebec independence by Charles de Gaulle, the previous French president, France did not grant the kidnappers political asylum, but it did allow them to stay and work. In September 1977, Louise Lanctôt wrote a letter to René Lévesque, who was by then the premier of Quebec, asking for a pardon and permission to return home. "If we had fought for Quebec, it was certainly not in order to remain outside Quebec all our lives," Lanctôt said. "We had to come back and confront reality."

She did not get the pardon but was allowed to return with her family. When the plane landed in wintry Montreal, Lanctôt, who had been very homesick, thought the snow was beautiful.

Both she and her then-husband were immediately arrested on kidnapping and related charges. She was ultimately sentenced to two years in jail and released on parole after eight months.

One of the themes of *Une sorcière* is that, as a woman, Louise Lanctôt was not taken seriously by the other members of the FLQ, who used her for action but relegated her to the kitchen when it was time to talk strategy. Indeed, contemporary media accounts of the October Crisis sometimes refer to her not as a member of the FLQ but as the wife of Jacques Cossette-Trudel. The title of the book is an allusion to James Cross, who had called Lanctôt a "witch," an epithet that, according to Lanctôt, is often applied to women who engage in political action. The title is also an allusion to a song by the French singer Anne Sylvestre that was interpreted by the Quebec singer Pauline Julien. In contrast with her more famous brother Jacques, who continues to write articles praising the Cuban Revolution, she is critical of Cuba and of the ideology that, taken to its logical conclusion, led the FLQ down a murderous path.

At the same time, she pointedly does not express regret, saying that to do so is to refuse responsibility for one's actions. "I refuse to say that I was young or something ridiculous like that." By way of context, she points out that at the time of the October Crisis francophones had the lowest salaries of all ethnic groups in Quebec and did not reach management positions. At stores such as Eaton's, francophone staff had to serve francophone customers in English. "You should have seen their faces pretending not to understand French in order to avoid answering us, since their job was on the line!" she said in an email. "We were socially, politically, and culturally suppressed. We felt close to the Third World. I don’t regret having taken part in a larger movement, an international liberation movement that was unfolding across the world.”

For Lanctôt, the national liberation struggles of other peoples served both as an inspiration and as proof of why armed struggle doesn’t work. She cites Northern Ireland and Algeria as examples where similar groups degenerated into petty gangs that held the civilian population hostage. “At the time, I believed that it was the only means that Quebeckers should use to obtain recognition. Without denying a certain positive impact that this action has had on Quebeckers, I now only see disadvantages,” she said. “This type of action leads to dictatorships and all dictatorships, whether they call themselves right- or left-wing, govern in the same way.”

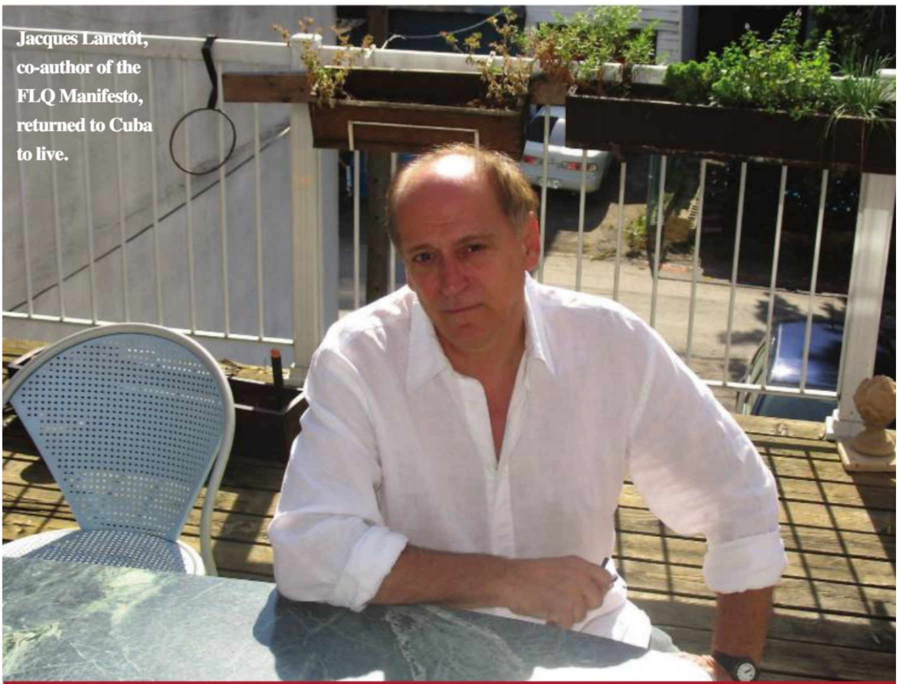
Although Lanctôt is critical of the totalitarianism of the Cuban system of government, she does not fault Fidel Castro for his treatment of the kidnappers, saying Cuba’s political isolation and economic dependence left him little choice. Cuba had taken in the kidnappers to maintain its good relations with Canada, the only country in North America that recognized it diplomatically. Moreover, Cuba’s economic dependence on the USSR meant that Cuba had to align its foreign policy with that of its Soviet master, which wanted Cuba to focus more on economic development and less on exporting revolution. Exile in Cuba proved to be a lesson in *realpolitik* for the FLQ, which learned that “relations between nations” were more important to Cuba than the struggles of individual groups.

Louise Lanctôt seems conscious in *Une sorcière* of her place in history. If federalist accounts of the October Crisis refer to the FLQ kidnappers as terrorists, among certain Quebec nationalists they are seen as heroes on the same level as Métis leader Louis Riel and Louis-Joseph Papineau, the Patriote leader of the 1837 Rebellions. As Lanctôt points out, both were similarly exiled. She speaks in her book of the burden of being seen by Quebec nationalists as a “martyr” and of wearing the “halo” of a Patriote.

Other FLQ members are similarly described. Michèle Tremblay, the journalist who interviewed Pierre Charette and Alain Allard, is deferential towards her subjects, referring to them as *détourneurs d’avion* (plane turners) rather than *pirates de l’air,* the usual French term for hijackers. When Jacques Lanctôt was interviewed in 2005 on Radio-Canada, the interviewer called him an “illustrious citizen.”

Many of the kidnappers have attained prominent positions in Quebec society. Louise Lanctôt is now the executive director of the Quebec Order of Midwives. Her ex-husband, Jacques Cossette-Trudel, is an acclaimed filmmaker who has made several films for the NFB. Paul Rose, who was a member of the FLQ cell that kidnapped and killed Pierre Laporte, was an NDP candidate in the 1992 Quebec provincial election and later became the leader of the Quebec wing of the NDP, much to the chagrin of the federal NDP.

As for Jacques Lanctôt, he has moved back to Havana. Until recently a columnist at *Le Journal de Québec*, he now has a column at canoe.ca. While visiting Montreal in 2009, Lanctôt was invited to read the FLQ Manifesto, which he co-authored with Paul Rose, at an event marking the 250th anniversary of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. He declined when the event organizers refused to pay his travel costs from Montreal to Quebec City. “I have no job and I could not pay for my transportation,” he told *Le Journal*. “But I had an open ticket to Cuba, and so I returned *chez moi*.”


Jacques Lanctôt, co-author of the FLQ Manifesto, returned to Cuba to live.

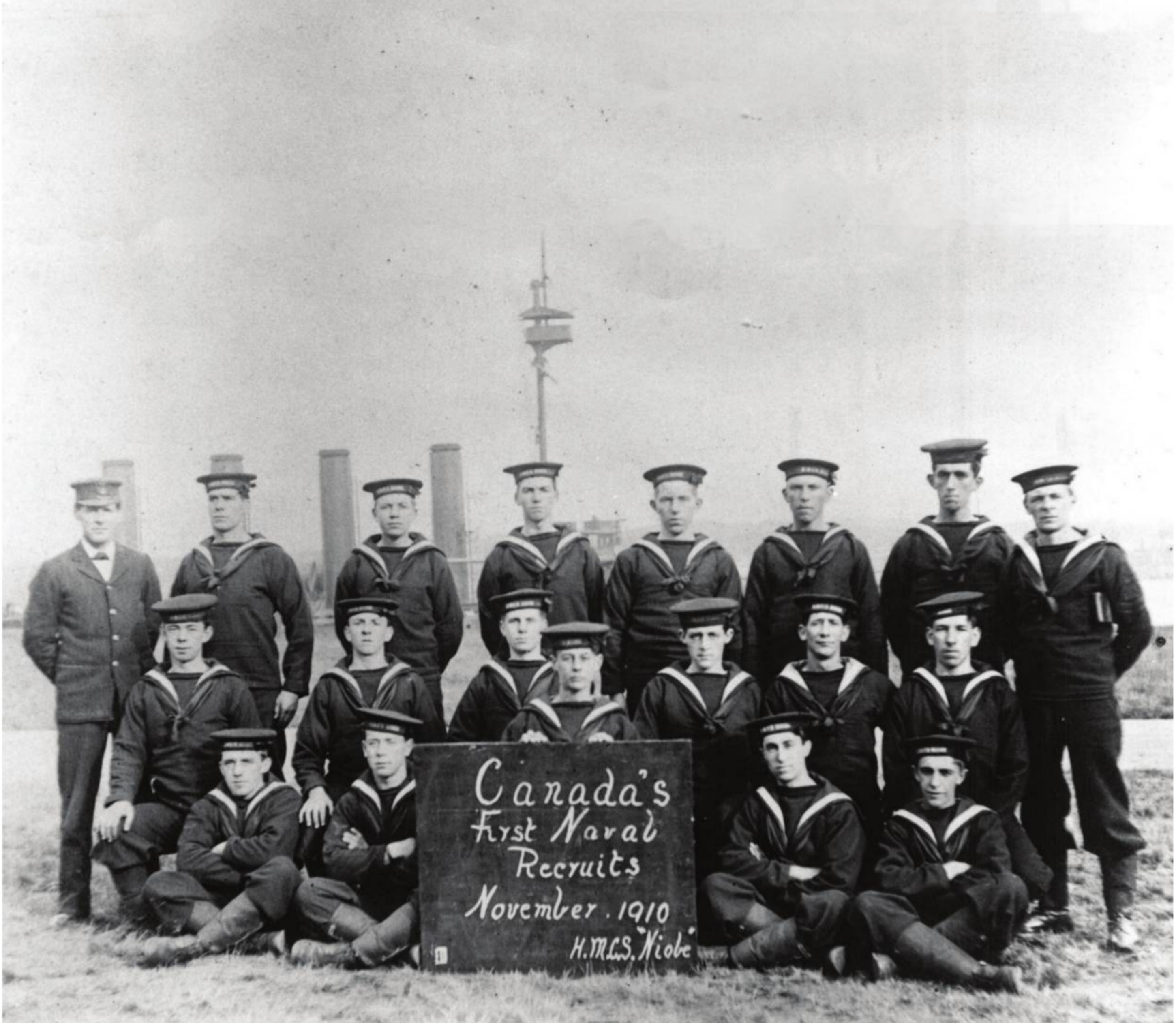
LE JOURNAL DE QUÉBEC

“I HAVE NO JOB AND I COULD NOT PAY FOR MY TRANSPORTATION,” HE TOLD *LE JOURNAL*. “BUT I HAD AN OPEN TICKET TO CUBA, AND SO I RETURNED *CHEZ MOI*.”

Louise Lanctôt, it goes without saying, is still for an independent Quebec, although she is flexible on what shape this might take. “I am still for a sovereign and independent Quebec. I do not know what form that could take: a European-type superstructure or not,” she says.

“Quebeckers must discuss this, and structures must be proposed. Everything is on the table. But it goes without saying that in order to protect, conserve, and develop our culture, our heritage, our country, and make our own history, we must be independent, make our own choices based on our needs and our vision of Quebec.”

The first recruits of the new navy served with HMCS *Niobe*, the Royal Canadian Navy's first ship. Four years after this 1910 photo was taken, the *Niobe*'s sailors would serve in the First World War. The *Niobe* was heavily damaged during the Halifax Explosion of 1917, with several of its crew lost.


Canada's
First Naval
Recruits
November. 1910
H.M.C.S. "Niobe"

The Revolt of the Admirals

Canada's armed forces were about to be rolled into one — same training, same ranks, and same (gasp!) uniforms. For the proud leaders of the Royal Canadian Navy, this could only mean war. by J.L. Granatstein

The Royal Canadian Navy had a proud tradition.

Formed in 1910, it had developed slowly, finding its feet in the Battle of the Atlantic during the Second World War. From a regular force strength of two thousand, it had grown to a wartime force of 100,000 men and women with some four hundred ships at sea. The RCN had battled German U-boats and by the end of the war had escorted half of all convoys across the Atlantic, had operated aircraft carriers, cruisers, and destroyers, and had created a hard-earned reputation for courage and competence.

The initial postwar years were tough, but the Cold War gave the navy a big anti-submarine role with its superb new destroyer escorts, anti-submarine aircraft, and skilled personnel.

The navy mattered.

But in the mid-1960s, the Royal Canadian Navy faced a new threat — not from Soviet submarines, but from Canada's reform-minded minister of national defence. Paul Hellyer was determined to merge the army, navy, and air force into one unified force. The next five years would see demoralization, mass resignations, and a near revolt in the navy.

Hellyer became defence minister in Lester Pearson's Liberal government in 1963. Only forty, he was intelligent and tough-minded. He had briefly been a junior minister in the last months of Louis St. Laurent's government. Now he wanted to make his mark by unifying the services. "Three separate services," he said, were as "out-of-date as a horse-drawn cart on [southern Ontario's] Highway 401 … an anachronism — a legacy from a different technological era."

He had good reasons for his position. Canada had a combined

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE

army, navy, and air force of 120,000 regulars — large by Canadian standards, but too small to support three separate supply chains, personnel services, and separate command and committee structures. Even worse, the services competed for funds, had their own war plans that differed dramatically, and had almost no idea how to work together.

To Hellyer, this made no sense. Surely, the nation's forces should fight together, work together, and plan together in a system that eliminated triplication and maximized the government's scarce defence resources at a time when the pressure for social programs was increasing. Unification could reduce waste and provide the money to purchase the modern equipment the forces needed, Hellyer argued.

In March 1964, he issued his "White Paper on Defence" calling for a single defence headquarters, the abolition of the three service chiefs, and their replacement by a Chief of Defence Staff. The policy paper included a one-sentence pointer to the future: "This is the first step toward a single unified service for Canada."

The public and the armed forces reacted in a reasonably positive manner. Everyone could see the benefits of cutting the bureaucracy. In fact, steps had already been taken. Since World War II's end, Canada had developed a unified military college system, a defence research team, and common dental, chaplain, payroll, and legal systems. All that made sense, and surely Hellyer had no intention of going very much further. Or so the admirals, generals, and air marshals believed.

They were wrong. In August 1964, Hellyer told the senior officers that he wanted a single recruiting system, a single basic training system, and full integration at headquarters and in the field. Hellyer said that if a "single unified defence force" made sense as the "logical end result, then such a unified defence force will be established."

The process began with a massive reduction in military strength, saving funds to buy equipment. Then followed the creation of six functional commands to replace the three services' eleven separate commands: Mobile Command (the army and tactical air units); Maritime Command (the navy and anti-submarine aircraft); Training Command; Air Defence Command; Materiel Command; and Air Transport Command.

This worried some operational commanders because, for instance, naval commanders lost control of training their sailors, their dockyards would come under Materiel Command, and their personnel fell directly under a unified system in Ottawa. The result, as far as they were concerned, was chaos.

Hellyer's next steps in November 1964 put the fat right into the flames. He told the senior officers that he was going to eliminate the navy, army, and air force and unify the forces

Left: Defence Minister Paul Hellyer speaks with a seaman in Halifax on September 22, 1966.

CANADIAN PRESS

Right: Rear Admiral J.C. "Scruffy" O'Brien, centre, Hellyer's pick as commander of Maritime Command, inspects sailors during the official opening of CFS Mill Cove in 1967.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE

SAILING INTO THE FUTURE

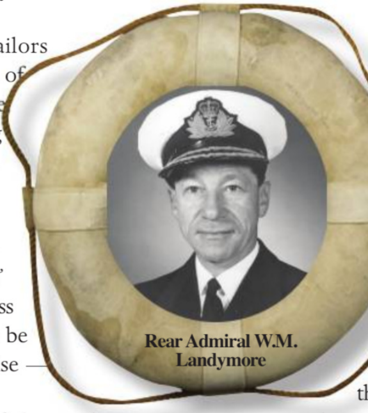
Canada got a late start as a naval power to be

1881 Canada's first attempt at founding a navy comes with the purchase of HMS *Charybdis*, a worn-out, steam-powered, wooden warship from Britain. The young dominion can find no use for it and the corvette quickly falls into disrepair. The *Charybdis*, named after a mythical sea monster, is declared a hazard after breaking loose in a gale and damaging other ships in the harbour at Saint John, New Brunswick.

1910 The Canadian Naval Service (renamed the Royal Canadian Navy a year later) comes into existence on May 4 when the Naval Service Act becomes law. The Royal Naval College of Canada opens in Halifax the same year, offering a two-year course open only to boys aged fourteen to sixteen. Sir Charles Kingsmill becomes the navy's first director.

with a single uniform and common rank structure. The "buttons and bows" (traditional uniforms) and the three separate rank structures were immaterial. What mattered was efficiency, not emotionalism. He was determined to have the changes come into effect on the day of Canada's centennial — July 1, 1967.

This did not go over well. Sailors and soldiers lived in an atmosphere of tradition. The navy was a sailor's home with old and honoured ways of doing things. The bell-bottom trousers, the cap tallies, the naval ranks from leading seaman to admiral all mattered. While the minister argued that the "cheap rough serge cloth" of the naval ratings' uniforms made the sailors "second-class citizens in a country that claimed to be democratic," many thought otherwise — including the prime minister.



Rear Admiral W.M. Landymore

Pearson had reminded Hellyer of the need to retain important elements of "[the] service traditions and as much of the old distinctions between sea, land, and air components." Hellyer didn't listen. Worse still, Hellyer seemed to envisage a "jack of all trades" future where today's destroyer captain would now be labelled a colonel, and drive a tank tomorrow, and fly a fighter the day after. It wouldn't work in the lower ranks, either. "You couldn't have an army cook on a ship," one admiral said. "The cook wouldn't be on the team and couldn't handle other roles."

This was not what Hellyer intended, of course, but in the fevered atmosphere that soon developed, helped along by denunciatory editorials in the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* and other dailies, many believed it was. Morale collapsed, voluntary resignations soared (including seventy-nine senior officers from the three services), and navy recruitment fell by forty percent.

The RCN's senior officers were now alarmed. Earlier, Rear Admiral Jeffrey Brock had concluded that Hellyer's plans were "just the same sort of political rhetoric that we had heard on so many previous occasions." But after Hellyer fired Brock, the senior officer on the Atlantic coast, and other admirals decided to retire, the navy was determined to fight. To date, the public's response to Hellyer's plans had been surprisingly tepid; that was soon to change.

The man who was to lead the charge was Rear Admiral William Landymore, in command in Halifax from November 1964. A veteran of the Battle of the Atlantic, Landymore felt it was his moral duty to oppose integration and unification.

"If I didn't speak out, who would?" he said.

Landymore was worried about what Hellyer's plans might mean for the RCN's roles. He believed those at sea had to be sailors first, and Landymore knew, just knew, that everyone in the RCN believed in the navy's roles and traditions as he did. He encouraged his officers to question the initiative.

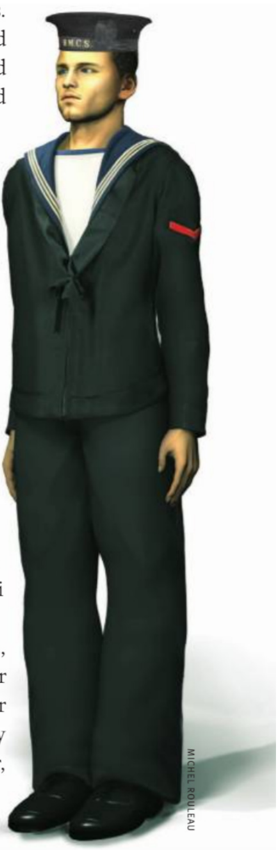
"Discuss it as freely as you want," Landymore told his officers. "Get out with it, and talk about it, and try and think it through." When they did this they would conclude exactly as he had about unification: "That it is absolutely not on."

In April 1966, Landymore had a confrontation with the Chief of the Defence Staff, Air Chief Marshal Frank Miller, that turned into a shouting match when the admiral threatened to "blow this whole thing wide open." Miller himself did not support unification, but he could not bear the idea of an open revolt while he was in charge.

In June, the admiral appeared before a parliamentary committee and discovered that the minister's staff had altered his written presentation without his consent. Landymore swallowed hard, kept quiet about the changes, and instead answered MPs' questions with brutal frankness. As he wrote later, he had told the committee that "morale is bad —that there is a great deal of unrest among officers and senior men, that I didn't agree with unification, that there was a reluctance in the navy to accept unification, that identity is most important … and that sailors dislike khaki uniforms."

In early July, 1966, a host of senior officers resigned, including Miller. Hellyer called Landymore to Ottawa for a meeting on July 12. The admiral asked if the minister would let naval officers and ratings resign honourably without financial penalty. No, came the reply. Moreover, Hellyer wanted Landymore to resign. The admiral refused, and Hellyer sacked him, relieving him of his

Below: An example of a Canadian naval ratings uniform just prior to unification. Note the bell-bottoms, cap, and distinctive collar that set sailors apart from other servicemen.



MICHEL ROULEAU

reckoned with. But now, as it celebrates its centennial, it has reason to be proud.

1931 The first destroyers built for the Canadian government arrive in Halifax on July 3. HMCS *Saguenay* and her sister ship the *Skeena* both serve as convoy escorts during World War II. The *Skeena* is wrecked in a storm in 1944. The *Saguenay* is decommissioned in 1945.

1939 The Battle of the Atlantic begins. Canada has just thirteen vessels at the start of the war. With German U-boats posing a grave threat to Britain's supply line from North America, Canadian ships are rapidly built and the RCN plays a critical role in protecting convoys crossing the Atlantic. By the time the U-boats surrender on May 28, 1945, Canada has one of the largest Allied navies, with 434 commissioned vessels.

IF HELLYER HAD NOT TRIED TO CREATE A SINGLE SERVICE OR TAMPERED WITH THE INTANGIBLES ... HE COULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF CANADA'S GREATEST DEFENCE MINISTERS

command on July 16.

Landymore's sailors gave him a huge sendoff, lining the Halifax Dockyard's roads and hoisting "Bravo Zulu [well done] Landymore" pennants on every ship. The newspaper headlines in the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald* told the story: "Revolt Against Hellyer: Defiant Halifax Rear Admiral Sacked." Another headline read: "Revolt of the Admirals Only the Beginning."

Landymore's parting words emphasized why he had sacrificed his career with such a public stance: "It was necessary to alert the people of Canada to a perilous state of affairs in defence matters."

Hellyer had effectively decapitated the Royal Canadian Navy's senior leadership — seven admirals had been sacked or taken early retirement. With his plans under heavy fire in the media, the minister's problem now was to find officers to take over. For chief of personnel in Ottawa — in effect, the senior naval position — he fixed on Commodore Ralph Hennessy, who agreed to accept a jump of two ranks to vice-admiral because he believed integration (but not necessarily unification) made sense and, most importantly, that the civil authority had to be obeyed.

To take over Landymore's job, Hellyer turned to Commodore J.C. "Scruffy" O'Brien, "the only one who could get the situation under control," Hellyer wrote. "I called O'Brien, the man of the hour, and asked to see him.... O'Brien was very nervous. I told him the reasons for unification and he was most attentive." The commodore wanted some matters clarified, Hellyer noted, but there were no requests that went against his policy, "and I could agree in clear conscience." Believing that the navy had to do its job, that it must make the new system work, O'Brien took the post, and a promotion to rear admiral, and set out to try to hold matters together in Halifax.

That was far from easy. The new Canadian Forces uniform, to be worn by everyone, made its first public appearance in August 1966. Dark green and made of cloth originally intended for gas station employees, it was as far removed from naval jumpers and bell-bottoms as could be imagined. Sailors feared they would be laughed at when they went ashore in Plymouth or Norfolk, and O'Brien had to work hard to control matters when Hellyer visited Halifax in September.

At a meeting with officers in HMCS *Stadacona*'s drill hall — one of three Hellyer had with the five thousand sailors in the city — the minister drew angry roars of outrage when he said the navy believed its old uniforms had been ordained by God. The admiral had to demand silence to permit the minister to continue — an almost unprecedented order to officers. The petty officers and ratings, however, were more polite at their sessions. One sailor, Able Seaman John MacLeod, told the *Globe and Mail*, "He explained a lot of things which were just rumour." Another added that Hellyer "had entertained every question and answered as honestly as he could." Not everyone in the Royal Canadian Navy opposed Hellyer.

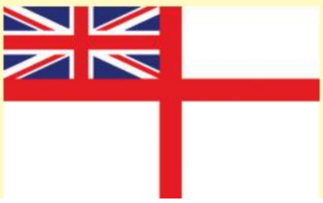
In truth, the naval revolt had effectively ended with the appointments of Hennessy and O'Brien. Some in the navy viewed them as traitorous careerists who had sacrificed principal for promotion. Others recognized the primacy of the civil authority, however wrong-headed they thought it might be, and understood that if the navy fell into chaos, it might never recover. Whose interests would that serve?

Unification still had to pass through Parliament, and there were House of Commons committee hearings, newspaper debates, and the task of organizing the Tri-

SAILING INTO THE FUTURE

1942 The Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service, whose members are more familiarly known as WRENS, is founded due to a shortage of male recruits. It's disbanded in August 1946, but in 1951 Parliament authorizes a WREN section in the naval reserve. In 1955, women are fully integrated into the regular force. Until the late 1960s, women are forced to leave the service when they get married.

1965 Canadian warships fly the White Ensign for the last time. The flag, which is the same flown by the British Royal Navy, had been used by Canadian navy ships at sea since 1910. The ensign is replaced with the Maple Leaf.



Services Identities Organization (TRIO), a body led primarily by unhappy sailors.

Hellyer began to suffer from the attacks. Until late in the summer of 1966, he had won kudos for his determination to implement unification and had remained almost unscathed by the opposition. In the Pearson government, drift and confusion seemed to be the norm. The focussed, determined Hellyer was different, and everyone knew that when Pearson decided to depart, the defence minister was certain to be a candidate for the Liberal leadership. Determination, not drift — that was to be his campaign theme.

But unification's opponents now began to inflict wounds on the minister. Summoned to appear before the House of Commons defence committee, Landymore revealed that his testimony the previous year had been amended without his consent. That caused a furore. And when Hellyer blurted out to the same committee in February 1967 that he had sacked Landymore for "eighteen months consistent disloyalty to the policy of the people he was paid to serve," the furore doubled. Hellyer eventually had to apologize for accusing Landymore of disloyalty, the gravest crime with which a senior officer could be charged. Hellyer was seriously hurt politically and had to threaten to resign twice to keep his unification bill moving through Parliament. The delays meant he did not succeed in his wish to have the bill come into effect on the date of Canada's centennial.

In the end, unification passed on February 1, 1968. The vote was 127 to 73, with four New Democrats joining the Progressive Conservatives in opposition. The Canadian Forces had been unified; the RCN was dead; but Maritime Command lived on.

In fact, the navy outlived Paul Hellyer's effective political career. In 1967, Hellyer left defence for the transport portfolio, contested the Liberal leadership the next year, and lost to Pierre Trudeau, likely because he seemed so arrogant, so rigid compared to the charismatic Québécois. He stayed on as minister of transportation until he resigned in 1969.

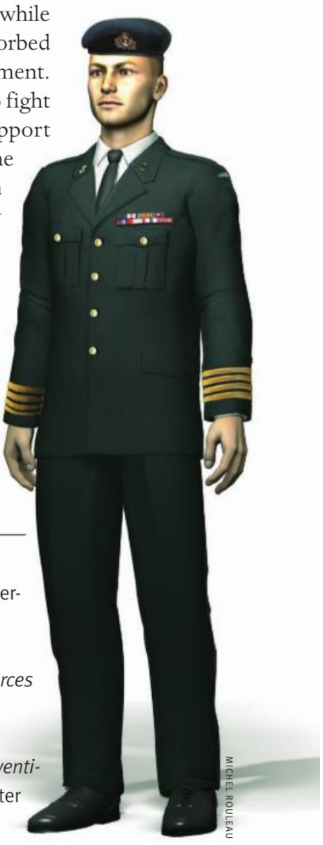
His subsequent career saw him try to form new parties, join the Progressive Conservatives, and then rejoin the Liberals. Now in his eighty-seventh year, Hellyer remains fit and vigorous, but almost forgotten. He is also completely unrepentant. As he wrote in 1990 in his characteristically entitled memoirs, *Damn the Torpedoes: My Fight to Unify Canada's Armed Forces*, "I thought [unification] was the right thing to do, and I still think so."

After his firing, Admiral Landymore lived quietly on his farm near Halifax until his death at age ninety-two in 2008. His beloved navy again has distinctive ranks and uniforms — they were reinstated in 1985. And although the navy is today smaller than it was in the 1960s, it nonetheless operates with great efficiency from the Far East to the Persian Gulf and the Caribbean.

And unification? On many levels Hellyer was right. Canada's military did have different plans for war, while the triplication of supply lines and committees absorbed money that might better have been spent on equipment. But sailors, soldiers, and airmen need to be ready to fight and die for their country, and the emotional support provided by the ship, regiment, and squadron, by the "buttons and bows" on uniforms, has always been critical in building the loyalty and devotion to duty that made that possible.

If Hellyer had not tried to create a single service or tampered with the intangibles, if he had confined himself to reorganizing the administrative "tail" and left the fighting "teeth" alone, he could have been one of Canada's greatest defence ministers — and he might have become prime minister too. But driven as he was, he went too far too fast. The result was a period of military and naval chaos, and the dashing of Hellyer's ambitions.

Below: An example of a naval officer's uniform just after unification in 1968. The common green uniform assigned to all the services was much disliked.



MICHEL ROULEAU

Et Cetera

Who Killed the Canadian Military? by J.L. Granatstein. HarperCollins, Toronto, 2004.

Damn the Torpedoes: My Fight to Unify Canada's Armed Forces by Paul Hellyer. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1990.

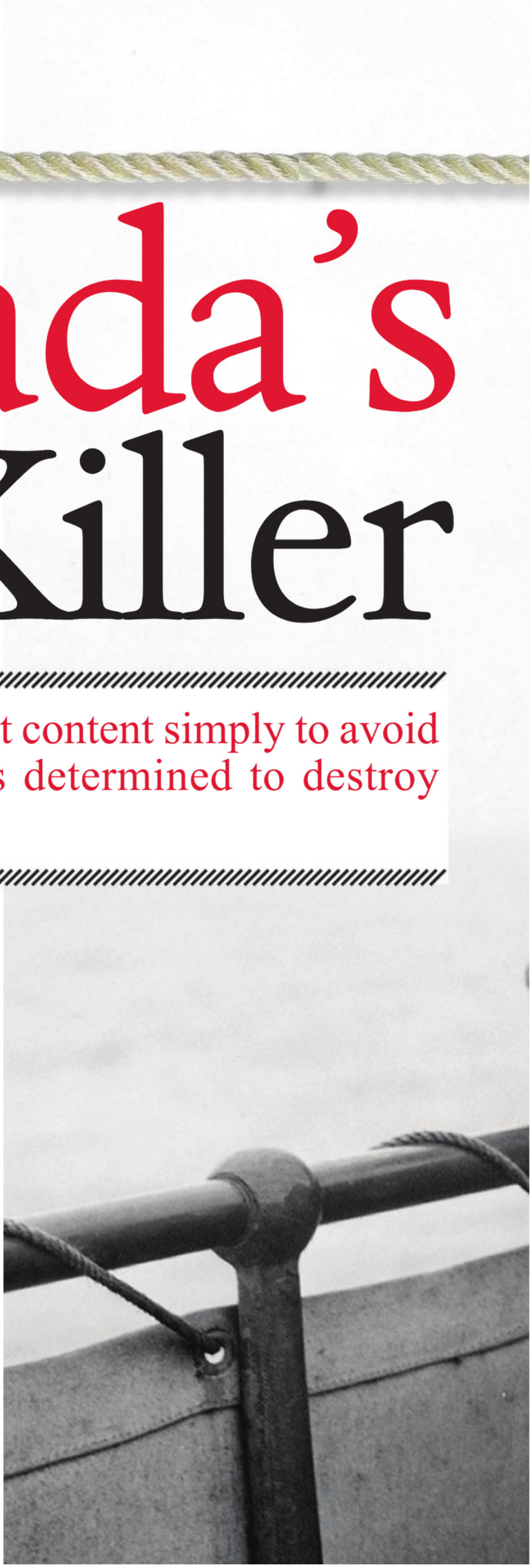
The Admirals: Canada's Senior Naval Leadership in the Twentieth Century by Michael Whitby, Richard H. Gimblett, and Peter Haydon. Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2006.

1968 On February 1, the navy, army, and air force unify into the Canadian Armed Forces, later the Canadian Forces. The Royal Canadian Navy becomes Maritime Command. Vice-Admiral J.C. "Scruffy" O'Brien is its first commander.

1990 Canadian ships are deployed to the Persian Gulf at the outbreak of the first Gulf War, signalling the start of a new era with involvement in various international conflicts. Today, the navy also patrols the Arctic, and controls drug smuggling, terrorism, piracy, and illegal fishing.

Canada's Sub Killer

This naval commander was not content simply to avoid German submarines. He was determined to destroy them. by Marc Milner



LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA PA204284

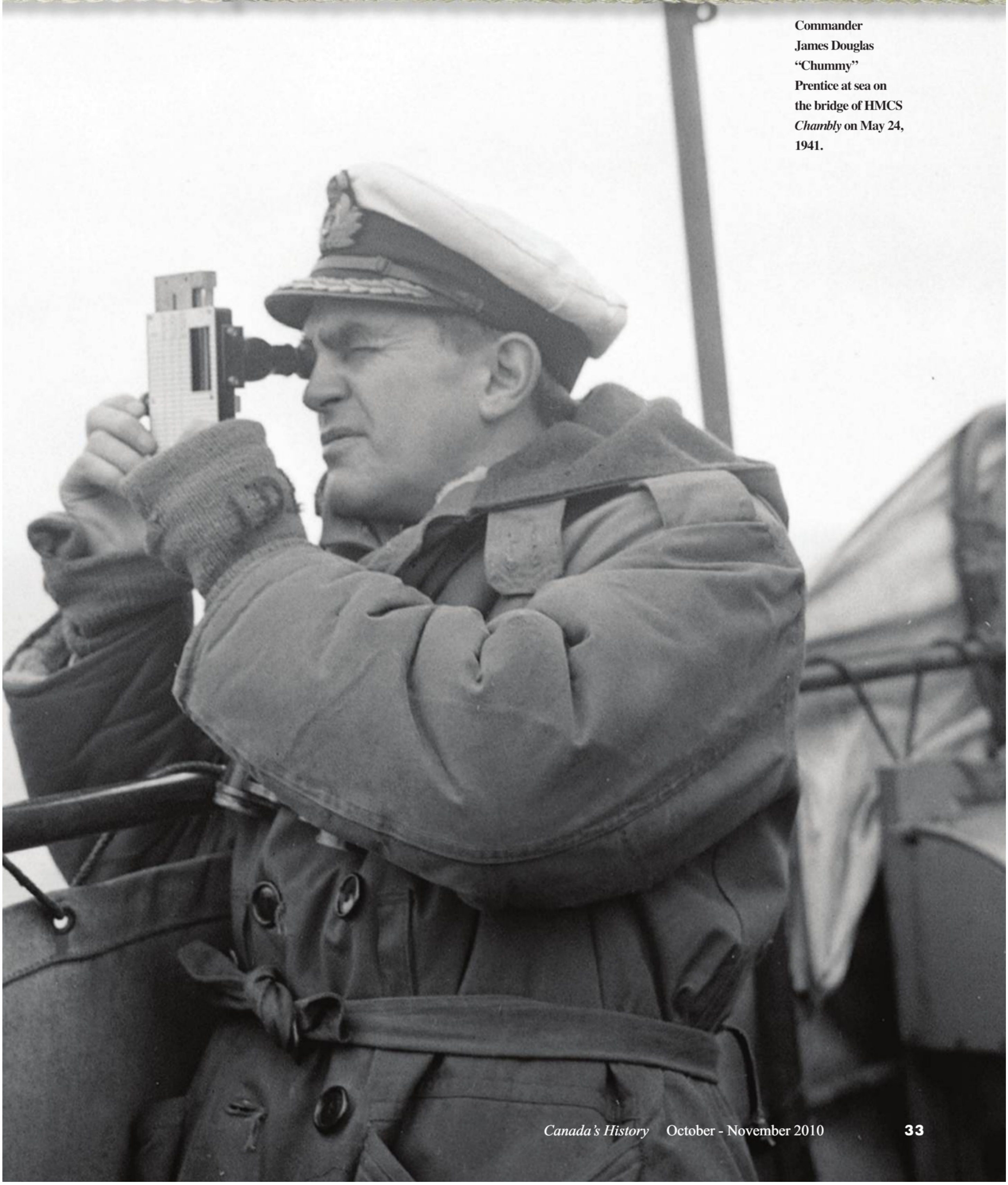
They called him "Chummy."

The nickname for Commander James Douglas Prentice, the Royal Canadian Navy's most successful sub hunter, was meant to be ironic. With a square jaw, intense stare, thick eyebrows, a monocle jammed into his right eye, and his service cap set at a jaunty angle, Chummy Prentice was an imposing, but respected, figure.

As one of his sailors recalled, "He was the kind of captain you would go anywhere with and feel safe."

Prentice's job was to whip Canada's burgeoning fleet of war-built escorts into shape. He was a key trainer for Canada's Sheep Dog Navy — so named for its role in shepherding Allied convoys during the Second World War's Battle of the Atlantic. He helped turn the navy into a respected fighting force — sometimes by not following the rules.

It was in the summer of 1944, during Operation Overlord — the June 6 D-Day invasion and its aftermath — that Prentice's training efforts were put to their biggest test. The three-month operation involved ferrying a massive army to the Continent to liberate Europe and required a huge armada of some four thousand vessels. With the German navy and its submarines expected to hurl themselves at the invaders, the best Allied



Commander James Douglas “Chummy” Prentice at sea on the bridge of HMCS *Chambly* on May 24, 1941.

naval forces — including Canada's — were called in to handle the threat.

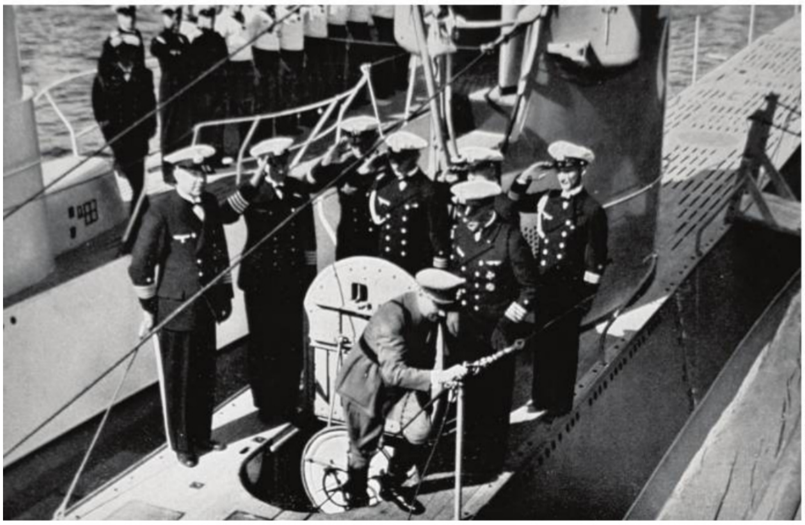
By the time D-Day came around, Chummy Prentice had already established himself as a legend in the RCN. A British Columbia native who joined the Royal Navy in 1912, Prentice retired from the sea in 1934 to a quiet life of ranching in B.C.

But with the outbreak of war in 1939, he was recalled to active service in the RCN and stuck behind a desk. There the seasoned seaman chafed until late 1940, when the navy recognized Prentice's talents as a ship handler and trainer, designating him senior officer, Canadian corvettes. From the outset, Prentice drove his officers and men to master the skill of sinking the German *unterseeboots* (undersea boats, or U-boats) that menaced Allied shipping.

Novice sailors and shortages of equipment did not daunt him. On one occasion in St. John's, Newfoundland, Prentice trained signallers and young officers by manoeuvring a fleet of taxis around the parade square. He also made his own depth charges, using milk cans filled with gelatine dynamite and waterproof hand-lit fuses.

Despite his gruff exterior, Prentice was not without humour. On one occasion a group of men paraded by, all of them wearing monocles. When they halted, Prentice snapped to attention in front of them, threw back his head, flipped the monocle in the air, and caught it in his right eye. "When you can do that," he said, "you can all wear a monocle."

Below: Adolf Hitler (on ladder) inspecting a new U-boat at Kiel, Germany, in 1935.



BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

Prentice had a passion for sinking U-boats. Perhaps alone among British Commonwealth naval officers, he considered the short, nimble, and humble corvette an ideal sub killer. He developed a new, but controversial, way for corvettes to track and destroy submarines.

The standard procedure involved tracking a submerged U-boat to a certain point — typically about 1,200 metres — and then quickly sprinting ahead of the sub to deliver depth charges. Prentice, however, advised Canadian corvette captains not to change speed during their attack. A steady and slow speed allowed the sonar to hold the contact longer, while the sub was not alerted to the pending attack by a sudden increase in propeller noise.

The British decried the Canadian commander's innovative strategy because it had one flaw — the shock of the corvette's own depth charges tended to blow electrical circuits, smash dishes, and shake the ship's machinery. But a damaged corvette was considered a good trade for a destroyed U-boat, and Prentice went on teaching his method.

Prentice put his tactics to the test in September 1941. When the Canadian-escorted convoy SC 42 was threatened off Greenland, Prentice took his own corvette, *Chambly*, and a corvette under training, *Moose Jaw*, to help. The two succeeded in sinking *U-501*. It was the first known destruction of an enemy warship by the RCN in its history. The following spring, Prentice received the Distinguished Service Order for "bravery and enterprise in action against

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Left: Rear Admiral Leonard Murray (centre, with hand in jacket) with the men of the HMCS *Assiniboine* at St. John's, Newfoundland, August 9, 1942, after the destruction of German submarine *U-210*.

enemy submarines."

Prentice continued to troll around threatened convoys with his training groups from Newfoundland, hoping to repeat his luck with *U-501*. But his freelance operations were not always appreciated. A frustrated American admiral chastised the RCN when Prentice's little hunting group steadfastly refused to be drawn in to the close escort screen of several convoys in the summer of 1942.

In December 1942, Prentice got a new posting to Halifax, where he became captain (destroyers), the officer responsible for the efficiency of escort forces at Canada's largest and most important naval base. One of his first tasks was to prepare his fleet for the likely return of U-boats to Canadian inshore waters in the summer of 1943.

In a series of pamphlets titled Hints on Escort Work, Prentice admonished his sailors: "Always think in terms of the destruction of submarines. If you or any of your ships have your teeth in a submarine don't let him go for anything else until he is dead."

This instruction was actually a radical departure from the more passive Royal Navy principles, which the RCN had been following. For the British, it was all about evading submarines. The corvette escorts were seen as defenders that were to stick close to the convoy — they were not to endanger the ships they were protecting to chase and kill an escaping threat. But Prentice knew that U-boats hunted individually when inshore, making it less risky to pursue them. The British Admiralty had to admit Prentice was right and called his ideas "interesting and refreshing." However, U-boats failed to come to the Canadian zone in 1943, so his unique methods were left largely untried that summer.

By early 1944, Canada's maverick submarine hunter was exhausted, worn down by years of unrelenting hard service and the frustrations of the paper war ashore.

Bickering between his bosses — Rear Admiral Leonard Murray in Halifax and Vice Admiral G.C. Jones — spilled over into Prentice's work. Murray wanted to keep training ships in Halifax. Jones wanted sea training moved to Bermuda. Murray wanted a reserve of vessels in Halifax to hunt U-boats. Jones wanted to send as many ships as possible overseas.

When the upcoming D-Day operation gave Prentice an opportunity to escape the feuding, he took it. In May 1944, Prentice assumed command of Escort Group (EG) 11, five powerful River class destroyers manned by veterans of the North Atlantic — the cream of the RCN's sub hunters.

The Allies wanted as many sub hunters as they could get, because they were expecting a Wagnerian Götterdämmerung in the English Channel, with waves of U-boats attempting to destroy the invasion fleet. Intelligence believed that about ninety German subs would surge towards the landing zone immediately, followed by as many as sixty-five more within days of the landings. Even if only twenty percent of their torpedoes hit something, the Allies would lose as many as eight hundred ships in the first month. The greatest fear was from the new hydrogen-peroxide-driven Walter boats, which were believed capable of forty to fifty knots (about seventy-five to ninety kilometres per hour) submerged, without any requirement to surface.

Some 286 anti-submarine vessels were amassed, with most assigned to close escort duty. But some — like Prentice's River class destroyers — were to actively hunt submarines.

Few knew what to expect in the English Channel as D-Day approached. Sub hunters had spent most of the war chasing U-boats in mid-ocean. Skirmishes usually occurred at night, with U-boat wolf packs surfacing to make high-speed torpedo attacks. When they submerged, the U-boats were down in waters that were uniform in temperature and with the bottom sometimes miles below. In theory, this created an uncluttered sonar environment that made them easy to track. In good weather, sinking a U-boat was often simply a matter of holding on until the sub's air or batteries were exhausted, or bringing in other anti-submarine ships to destroy it with barrages of depth charges.

Continued on page 38

HUNTING THE HUNTERS

CANADIAN PRESS

THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

Called the longest-running campaign of World War II, the Battle of the Atlantic was literally a fight for survival.

For the Germans, the goal was to strangle Great Britain into submission by cutting off convoys of supplies, soldiers, and *matériel* from North America.

For the Allies, their only hope of invading Nazi-occupied Europe and eventually winning the war was to keep open the Atlantic shipping lanes. Between 1939 and 1945, many nations took part in the Battle of the Atlantic, including Great Britain, Canada, the United States, Norway, Poland, Belgium, Brazil, the Netherlands, and France. The Axis forces were largely made up of German and Italian ships.

Almost two thousand members of the Royal Canadian Navy died in the Battle of the Atlantic, along with 752 members of the Royal Canadian Air Force and 1,600 members of the Canadian Merchant Navy.

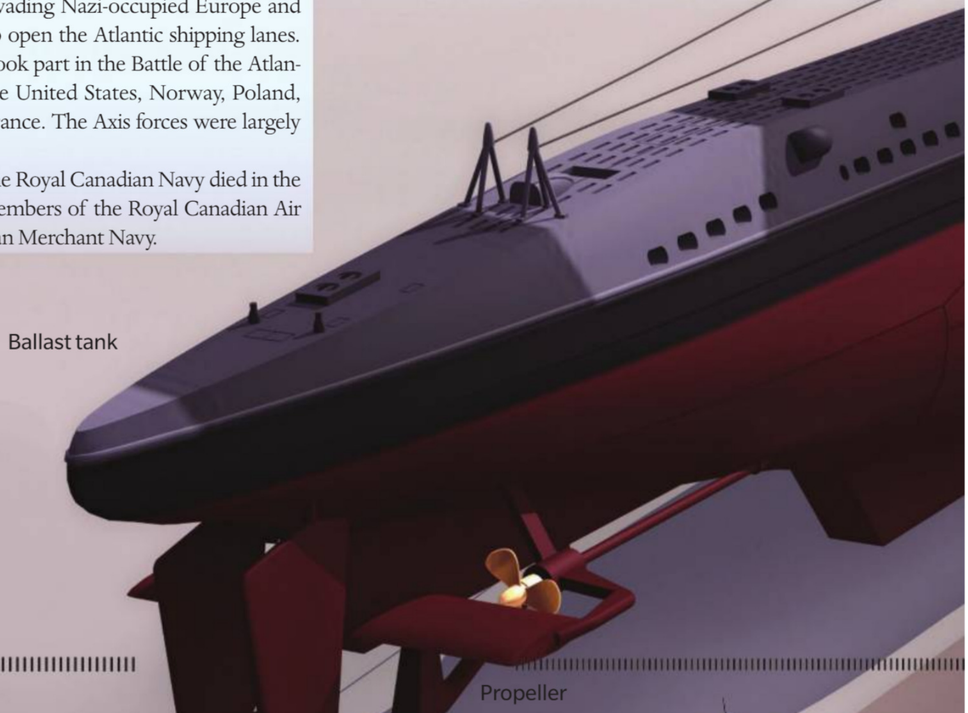
U-BOATS

Nazi "wolf packs" made up of groups of *unterseeboots* ravaged Allied ships during the Battle of the Atlantic.

The first U-boats operated on batteries while underwater, but had to resurface to recharge. With the advent of the snorkel in 1943 — a device invented by the Dutch and perfected by the Germans that allowed subs to exchange air and exhaust fumes while submerged — U-boats were able to recharge their batteries while underwater, making them much more difficult to track and destroy.

A typical U-boat carried twenty-one torpedoes and could dive underwater in about thirty seconds. They proved to be a deadly weapon for the Nazis; in just one month in 1941, more than 500,000 tons of Allied shipping was sunk by U-boats.

— Veterans Affairs Canada

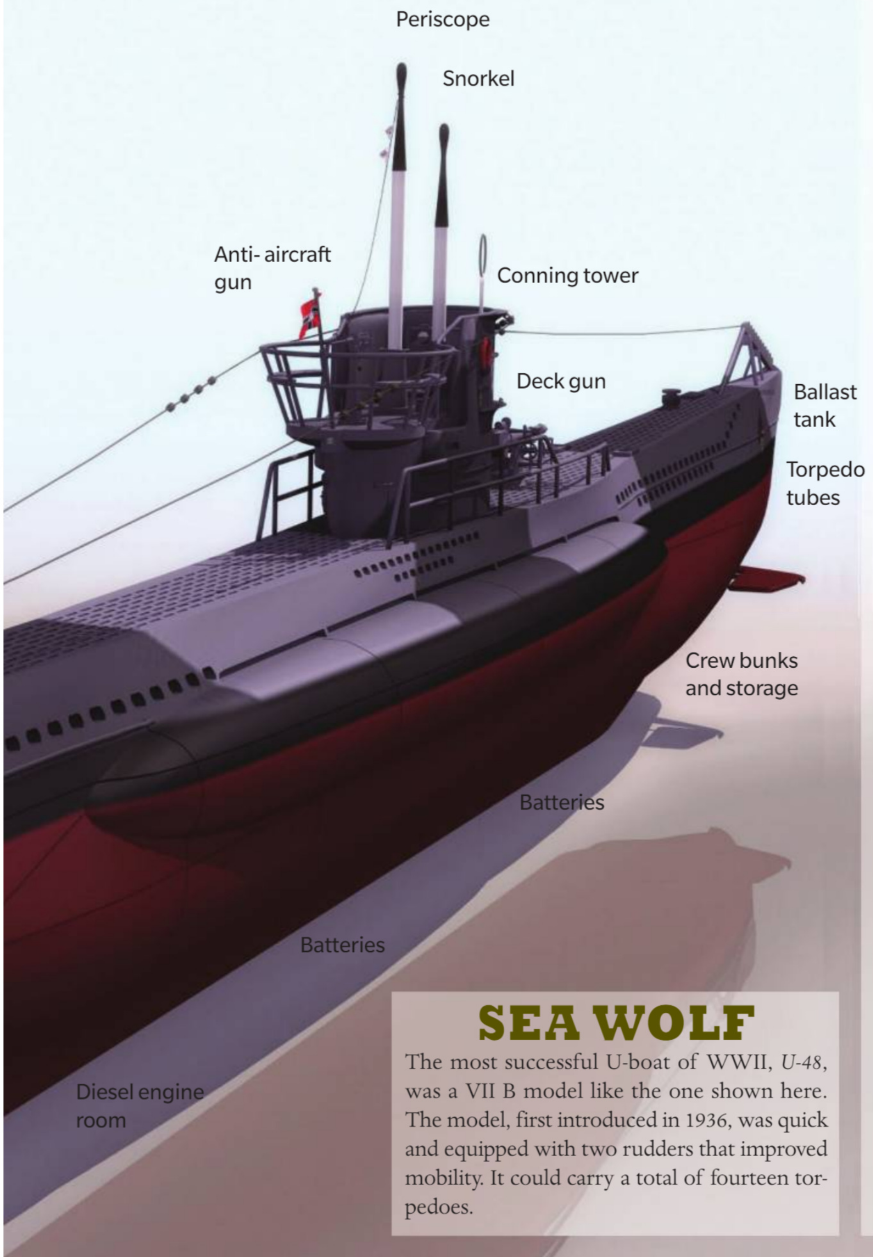


MICHEL GROLEAU

SHIPSHAPE

By the end of the Second World War, the Royal Canadian Navy had one of the largest Allied fleets. Here are four types of ships that made up the backbone of the naval force:

Corvettes — Small, lightly armed and manoeuvrable, this warship was often used for coastal patrols but also played a role in protecting convoys.



SEA WOLF

The most successful U-boat of WWII, *U-48*, was a VII B model like the one shown here. The model, first introduced in 1936, was quick and equipped with two rudders that improved mobility. It could carry a total of fourteen torpedoes.

WEAPONS OF WAR

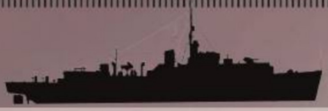
During the Second World War, the Allied and Axis forces continuously invented new types of weapons. The Battle of the Atlantic was no different, as both hunter and prey sought better ways to strike a killing blow.

Torpedo — Torpedoes are self-propelled underwater bombs. Early torpedoes could only travel in a straight line. During World War II, the Germans developed the first homing torpedo, which homed in on a target ship's sound. Torpedoes can be fired from submarines, ships, and airplanes.

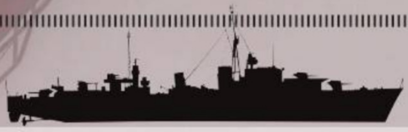
Depth charge — A depth charge was a canister containing explosives. They were often dropped into the ocean in patterns, set to explode at different depths. While effective, the large explosions also disrupted efforts by surface ships to track submarines, allowing U-boats to escape undetected during an attack.

Hedgehog — Developed by the Royal Navy, this anti-submarine weapon could fire twenty-four small mortars at once. Unlike depth charges, the hedgehog mortars exploded only on contact.

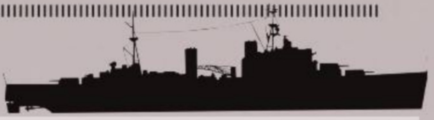
Sonar — Sonar stands for Sound Navigation and Ranging. Passive sonar listens for sounds made by vessels; active sonar emits sound and listens for echoes. In the Second World War, sonar tracking of U-boats was often hampered by the sounds of depth charge explosions.



Frigates — Frigates ranged in size somewhere between a corvette and a destroyer. They protected both merchant-marine vessels and other warships, and they excelled at anti-submarine warfare.



Destroyers — Fast and manoeuvrable, destroyers were long-endurance warships that escorted larger vessels in a fleet or battle group and defended them against enemy torpedo boats, submarines, and aircraft.



Cruisers — Cruisers first came into existence in the late nineteenth century. As technologies improved, they developed into large warships that had both offensive and defensive capabilities.

Above: HMCS *Prince Robert*, an RCN ship, fires depth charges in the Mediterranean on October 2, 1943.

DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL DEFENCE

Sub hunters spent much of their time attacking wrecks and rocks.

Continued from page 35

Inshore waters were entirely diferent.

"Confined spaces, strong tides, shallow water, and wrecks — appeared to be in our favour," said the RCN historical officer at the time. Others were not so sure. Inshore, there were minefields, coast artillery, and German guided missiles to contend with.

It was also unclear how conventional subs fitted with the new snorkel breathing tube would fare. The snorkel allowed U-boats to operate fully submerged all the time and virtually eliminated the possibility of locating a sub on the surface. While the number of snorkel-equipped U-boats in the summer of 1944 was small, it was ultimately these subs that represented the greatest threat to the Normandy landings.

In the end, only thirty-seven U-boats put to sea from French ports on D-Day. Half patrolled uselessly in the Bay of Biscay, where air power sank and damaged nine. U-boats attempting to slip up the Channel along the Brittany coast were intercepted by the RCN's EGs 11 and 12 and the RN's EG 14. However, sonar conditions were poor, and by June 8 no subs had been sunk in the Channel.

By then it was clear to Prentice that their assumptions about inshore sub hunting were all wrong.

"After two days of operations in the shallow and wreck-infested waters of the Channel," Prentice wrote after the war, "we revised our tactics completely."

They found that it was difficult to distinguish a U-boat from a rock or a wreck — and there were at least seven hundred wrecks between Dover and Land's End. In addition, the tide made stationary bottom features look like they were moving. And if the tidal current was strong enough, it made noise that sounded like a submarine's propeller.

The result was that sub hunters spent much of their time attacking wrecks and rocks. The net result of June's effort, the RCN historical officer commented at the time, was "a heavy mortality rate among fish in the English Channel." As one senior British officer observed, "to classify [targets] correctly in the Channel is almost all the battle."

It became Chummy Prentice's job to help classify targets. His EG 11 became the designated anti-sub group for the central Channel, an area known as the Spout, south of the Isle of Wight, where all Normandy traffic converged.

Prentice developed his own system of attacking and classifying targets. This involved using a grappling hook and a depth charge, both attached to a cable. When the grappling hook snagged a target, the depth charge was fired electronically. Whatever floated to the surface was salvaged. The first use off Cherbourg, Normandy, on June 27 produced evidence of an old merchant ship. Some British officers found this method rather unsporting, but it worked.

The proof came on July 6, when EG 11 got its teeth into *U-678*. It took twenty-four hours of depth charges and hedgehog bombs, as well as Prentice's grappling-hook technique, to bring suitable debris to the surface. Prentice's persistence earned a mild rebuke from the British for overzealousness, but EG 11 was credited with the destruction of *U-678*.

In the aftermath of the destruction of *U-678*, EG 11 was tasked with perfecting an attack using an echo sounder, a navigation device that could trace the shape and size of an object on the sea bottom. After identifying a probable U-boat with the echo sounder, the ship slowly moved over the target, dropped a single depth charge beside it, and then raced to clear the area. This risky method became the officially sanctioned process for final classification of bottomed U-boats. HMCS *Kootenay*'s captain, RCN Commander W.H. Willson, considered it a "damned dangerous" procedure because it put the attacking ship at risk, but he used it, and so did everyone else.

The Allies broke out of their tight Normandy beachhead in early August. By the middle of that month Prentice's group was in the Bay of Biscay, trying to destroy escaping U-boats as the Allied armies closed in on German-held ports. On August 18 the group found *U-621* off La Rochelle. Hedgehog bombs — which explode on contact — struck the U-boat while it was in motion, sending a cascade of bubbles and oil to the surface and the sub to the bottom. It never moved again. But oil and bubbles were not confirmation of destruction.

"Chummy had one rule," Commander Willson recalled, "attack everything that gives an echo, however bad: keep attacking it as long as you have it."

So, even though the U-boat was dead on the bottom, they ran echo sounder traces, laid charges alongside the target, and showered it with hedgehog bombs. A final hedgehog attack by the *Chaudiere* produced a rending explosion and wreckage. The Admiralty assessed a "probably sunk" and confirmed it after the war.

EG 11's third U-boat kill came on the way home to Portsmouth. They came across *U-984* off Brest on August 20. The *Chaudiere* did most of the work because of her superior sonar equipment. Although the Admiralty refused to accept EG 11's claim until after the war, the *Chaudiere*'s captain, Pat Nixon, had a second swastika painted on the ship's funnel as soon as she arrived in Portsmouth. "We were the people on the spot," Nixon recalled after the war, "and by this time, after several bouts with known U-boats (some got away), we knew a real one when we heard it."

In the end, German U-boats did not pose as much of a threat during Operation Overlord as expected. Most of the submarine fleet declined to sacrifice itself; they escaped to Norway to fight another day. And the feared Walter boats never did turn up.

By the time the campaign ended on August 31, only twenty-six Allied merchant ships supporting the campaign ashore had been lost to all causes. Over the same period, Allied air and naval forces sank thirty-six U-boats in the English Channel and the Bay of Biscay. The best British groups, EGs 2 and 3, each sank two. Only EG 11, led by Chummy Prentice, was credited with three.

This was a modest but entirely unheralded accomplishment for a brash young navy, which had struggled throughout the war with its operational efficiency. "At the time, my 210 mostly young shipmates felt an awareness and pride in these stunning successes," the captain of the *Chaudiere* recalled.

They and the Royal Canadian Navy owed a debt of thanks to Prentice, Canada's tireless — and most successful — submarine hunter.

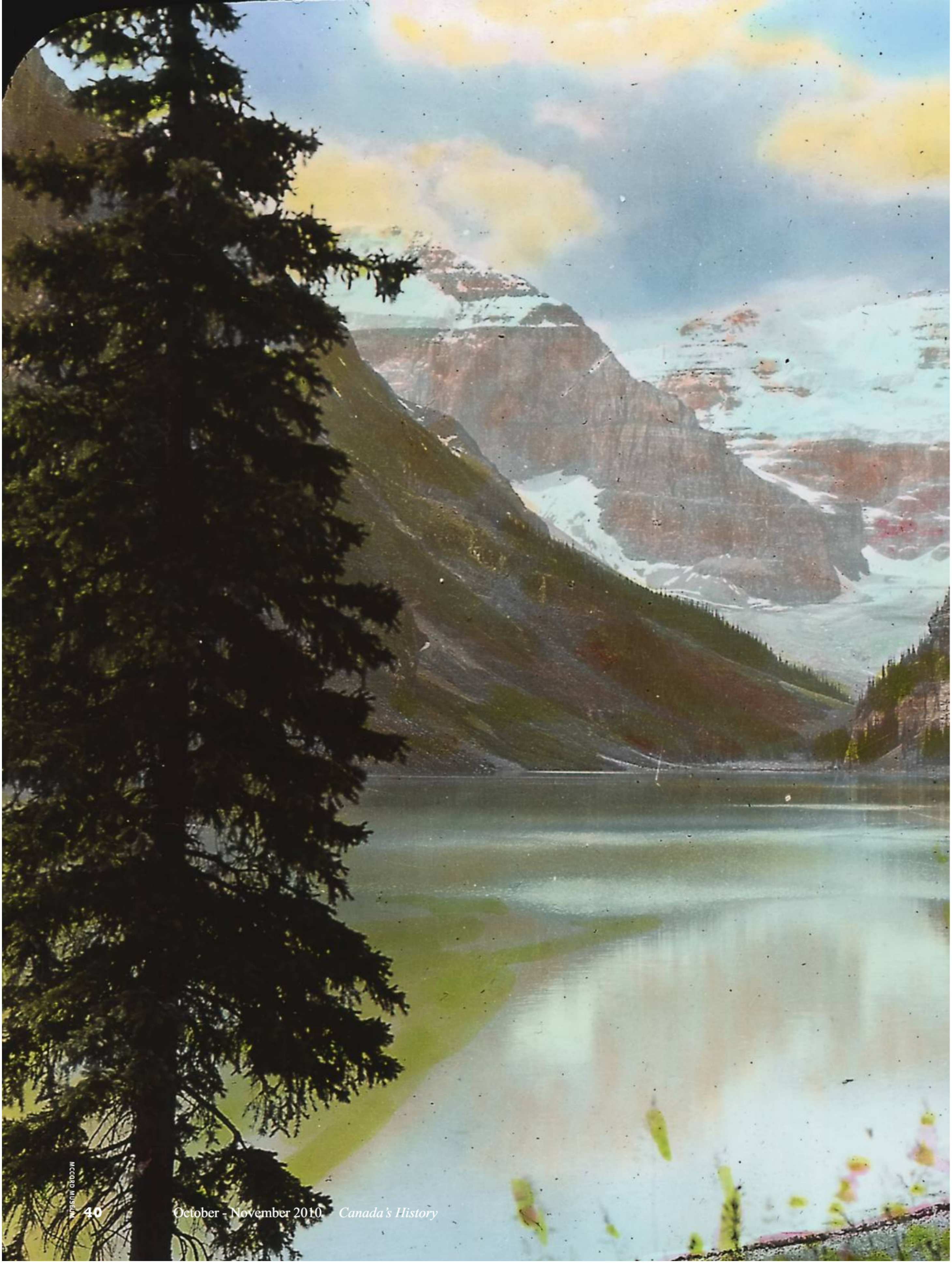
CORBIS

U-boat seamen captured after their submarine was destroyed by depth charges, circa 1944. They were among a few thousand submariners who, during World War II, were lucky enough to escape death in a sinking U-boat.

Et Cetera

Canada's Navy: The First Century, Second Edition by Marc Milner. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2010.

The Naval Service of Canada: 1910-2010 edited by Richard H. Gimblett. Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2009.



MCCORD MUSEUM

Lake Louise in Banff National Park, circa 1923.

Beautiful Banff

Banff is the crown jewel of Canada's parks system. Too pretty to leave alone, it has been the focus of conflict all through its 125-year history.

by Ken McGoogan

In the mid-1970s, decades before the digital revolution shrank the globe, I taught French for some months in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. Twice a week, with my wife Sheena, I would walk several kilometres through stultifying heat to the Canadian Consulate to read wire-service stories from home. The consulate had posters on the walls, among them three beautiful images of the Rockies — Mount Rundle, Lake Louise, and Emerald Lake.

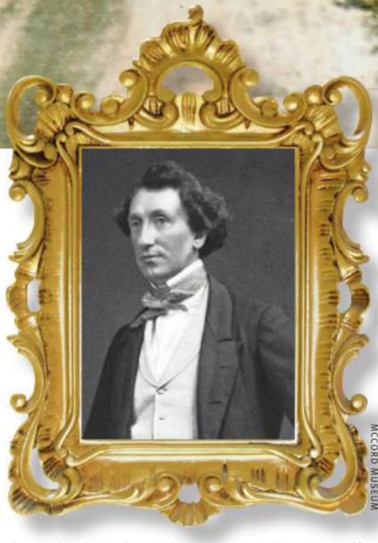
Ridiculous as it sounds, these posters of Banff National Park brought tears to my eyes. It was there, under the hot African sun, about as far away from the snow-capped Rocky Mountains as you can get, that I realized that to me, nothing says "Canada" like Banff.

The park, which is celebrating its 125th anniversary this year, is almost as old as our country. It came into being the same year the last spike was driven on the Canadian Pacific Railway — in fact, much of its early development was prompted by the railway itself. Banff became a national park — the first in Canada and only the third anywhere on the planet — under the prime minister who gave us Confederation. And it came about as a federal government response to an attempted land grab. Can you imagine a more Canadian scenario than that?

The story of Banff as a park started in November 1883. Three CPR workers chanced upon a cave at the foot of Sulphur Mountain that contained a natural hot spring. Brothers Tom and William McCardell and their partner Frank McCabe weren't the first non-natives to discover what is now called the Cave and Basin Hot Spring — surveyor James Hector mentioned it in 1859. Nor were they the first to see its potential; First

MCCORD MUSEUM

Above: A car on a gravel road along the shore of Lake Minnewanka in Banff, about 1930.



MCCORD MUSEUM

Right: John A. Macdonald halted an ownership dispute by setting aside Banff as a park.

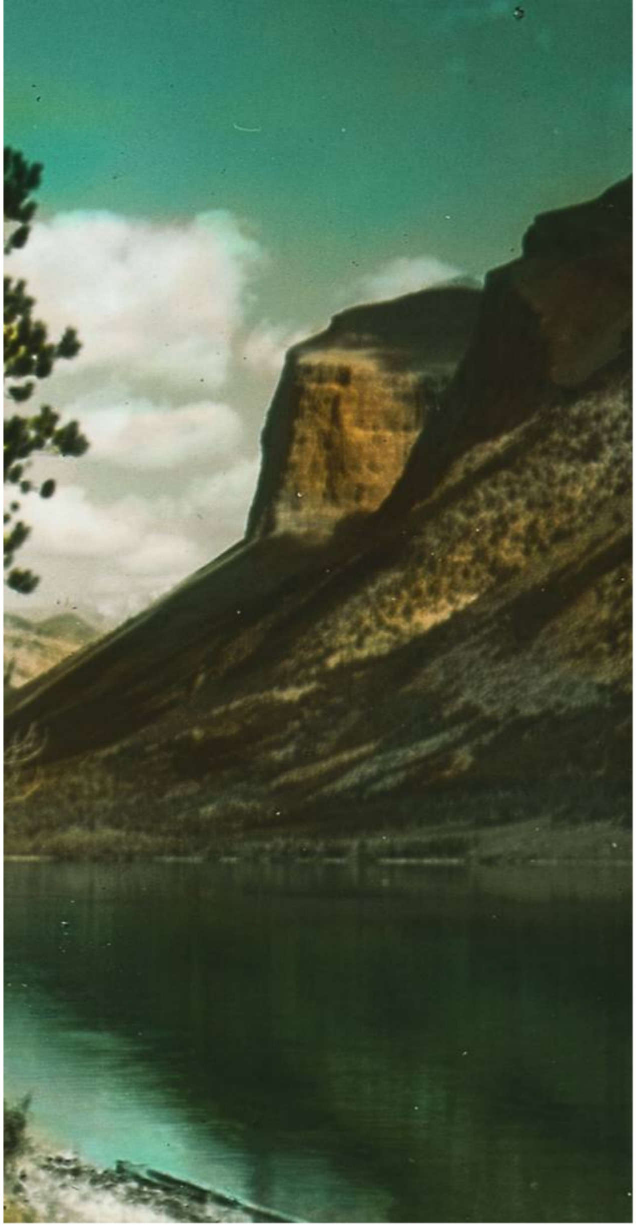
Nations had always known about the region's hot springs and viewed them as sacred, as places to cure illness and maintain health.

The CPR workers, however, were the first to claim ownership. Seeing its money-making potential, they threw up a fence around the cave and constructed a crude cabin nearby to help establish their right to the land. But they had rivals, including a crafty MP from Nova Scotia, D.B. Woodworth, a lawyer who tricked them into signing over their rights. Woodworth then purchased a hotel, with the intention of moving it to the site, paving the way for the area to become a tacky tourist trap.

The ensuing legal wrangle caught the eye of Prime Minister John A. Macdonald, who knew a bit about scams. In 1885, he ended this one by setting aside a reserve of sixteen square kilometres around the hot springs. The Banff Hot Springs Reserve, created by an Order of Council on November 25, 1885, took its name from Banffshire, the Scottish birthplace of two CPR directors. In 1887 the park was expanded to 416 square kilometres and renamed Rocky Mountains Park. Visitors poured in from around the world. It became Banff National Park under the National Parks Act of 1930, and in 1984 it became a UNESCO World Heritage Site, along with nearby Jasper, Yoho, and Kootenay national parks.

Today, Banff encompasses more than 40,000 square kilometres. It is part of a spectacular system of forty-two national parks — every province and territory has at least one.

For two decades, before moving to an Ontario metropolis that is as psychologically distant from the Rockies as Dar es Salaam, I lived ninety minutes east of Banff National Park.



MCCORD MUSEUM

Because I worked as a journalist, I inevitably became aware of how Canada's most popular park was in danger of being loved to death.

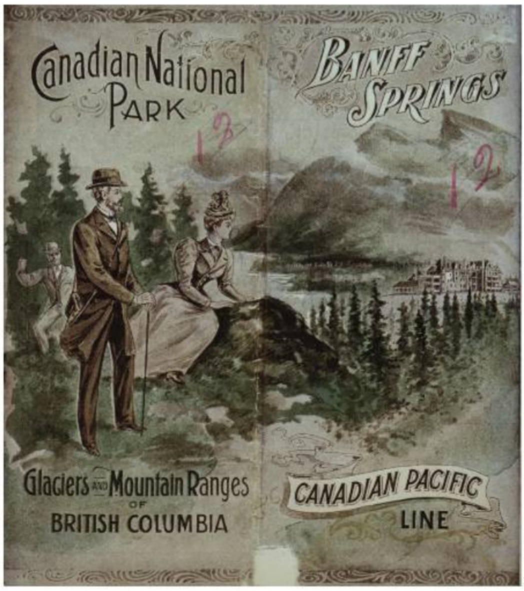
From the beginning, Banff was popular with wealthy European visitors, who came by rail and stayed at the Banff Springs Hotel, which the CPR opened in 1888. The park remains a top destination for international tourists, as well as Canadians, attracting four to five million visitors each year.

With more people comes more development and more pressure on wildlife. For instance, an increase in vehicle traffic has led to an alarming rise in the number of animals killed in collisions. Parks Canada has been installing wildlife overpasses and underpasses to enable grizzly bears, wolves, moose, elk, and other animals to cross busy highways. These measures have probably reduced highway deaths. Yet an average of seventy large animals continue to die in collisions with vehicles in the park each year.

The pace of development at Banff, with its myriad shopping malls, restaurants, hotels, and vacation condos, set off alarm bells in the 1990s. And, just as it did with the

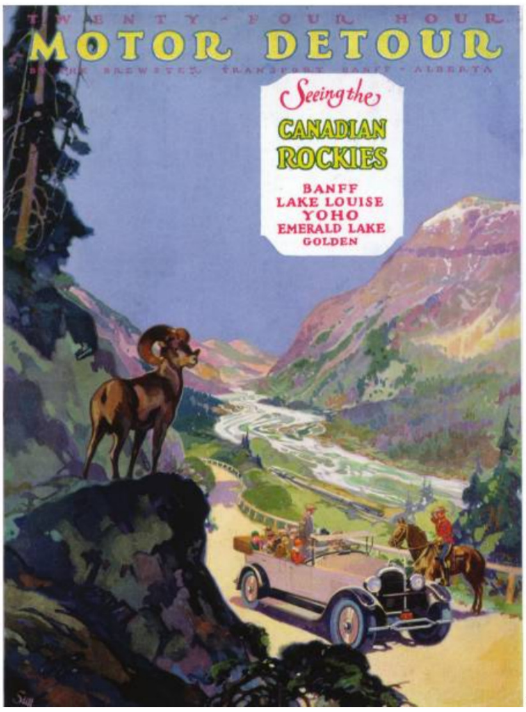
MCCORD MUSEUM

Top: A swimming pool at the Banff Springs Hotel, about 1935. The pool was supplied with water piped in from the hot springs at Sulphur Mountain.


Canadian National Park
13
Banff Springs
12
Glaciers and Mountain Ranges of British Columbia
Canadian Pacific Line

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES A20297

Middle: A Canadian Pacific Railway brochure from 1897 extols Banff's scenery and the new Banff Springs Hotel.


Twenty-Four Hour
Motor Detour
By the Brewster Transport Banff - Alberta
Seeing the
Canadian Rockies
Banff
Lake Louise
Yoho
Emerald Lake
Golden

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES A20693

Bottom: By 1920, the date of this Canadian Pacific brochure, cars had begun making the Rockies more accessible to tourists.

TWO WEEKS
ALL-EXPENSE
Ski Tours
to
BANFF
in the CANADIAN ROCKIES
MARCH 8 to 21
as low as
$97.50
CANADIAN
PACIFIC
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES A6503

A woman skis up the Piperstone River, Banff, circa 1930.

Inset: Downhill skiing quickly became popular in the park after the first alpine runs were cut in 1926. This poster by artist Peter Ewart is from 1940.

hot springs debacle of 1885, the federal government stepped in. Ottawa quashed Banff town council's plans for ambitious new developments.

"The stresses and the strains of human development cannot be allowed to snap back and injure the wild places that we are pledged here to protect," said then-Heritage Minister Sheila Copps when, in 1997, she released a new blueprint for Banff's future. "Banff has been one of the greatest gifts that have been given to us. Let's not spoil it."

This blueprint capped the number of permanent residents in Banff at ten thousand. There are currently eight thousand people living in the town, and they all have to qualify under need-to-reside requirements. For instance, you can only retire in Banff if you have been employed in the park for five years. The town's boundaries are fixed at five square kilometres by federal law, and there is a suitably aggressive strategy to manage growth.

So Banff is under control. But what about Canmore, which sits just outside the park gates? Once a tiny mining town, its population has tripled over two decades. With twelve thousand permanent residents and another 5,600 second-home owners, the town continues to grow. Yes, it has developed a responsible economic development strategy. But that does not mean we should turn our backs on the situation in Canmore and how it affects, for instance, the grizzly bear, which is now a threatened species in Alberta. We should no more forget the grizzly than the precarious situation of the wolf in La Mauricie National Park, or the disappearing kokanee salmon in Kluane National Park.

There has always been debate about what parks are for. Are they for the preservation of nature, for the enjoyment of people, or for both? Is tourism in national parks such as Banff an exploitive industry that serves wealthy outsiders

MCCORD MUSEUM

while putting pressure on wildlife and communities? Or is it a development strategy that brings crucial economic benefits to a region?

I'm not a scientist or a town planner. I don't pretend to have answers. But because we raised two children within hailing distance of Banff National Park, I appreciate what we have to protect for future generations.

One of the great things about Banff, a microcosm of the national system, is that even with toddlers you can do day hikes. You can climb Tunnel Mountain, visit Johnston Canyon, or start from Chateau Lake Louise and enjoy fabulous views while hiking to the Lake Agnes Tea House.

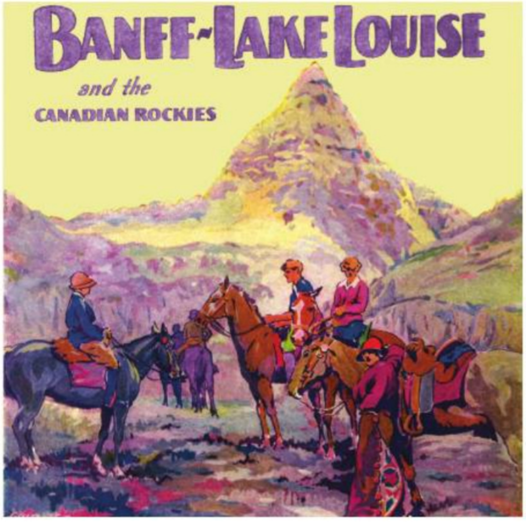
And in winter you can ski. Ever since the first alpine runs were cut into Mount Norquay in 1926 (the resorts of Sunshine and Lake Louise soon followed), skiers have flocked to what is one of the best downhill skiing areas in North America.

Every year we bought season passes. Nothing compares with chasing your son or daughter through the moguls on a bright, sunny day, and then swooshing to a halt outside a rustic cabin where you can order a bowl of soup.

Yet my most transformative Rocky Mountain experience happened long before I had children. From May to September of 1970, Sheena and I lived on a mountain in Banff National Park. I had snagged a job as a fire lookout — a posting I wanted so much that the chief warden didn't have the heart to deny me.

Sarbach Lookout was halfway between Banff and Jasper, near Saskatchewan River Crossing. To reach the fire tower, we hiked in off the highway, crossed Mistaya Canyon, then trekked five kilometres through woods to climb Sarbach, switching back and forth to emerge above the treeline at 2,225 metres.

The job of a fire lookout entails sitting in a tower and watching for smoke. As an aspiring writer, I did this while pounding away on a portable Smith Corona. Lightning storms brought excitement, because then I had to sit in the tower, supposedly well-grounded, as it rattled and shook in the wind, and mark lightning-strike areas for later scrutiny.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ARCHIVES BR88

A 1929 brochure promotes tours on horseback. Horses were preferred by the wealthy despite the growing popularity of cars.

We fetched water from a mountain stream half a mile from the cabin. Walking the ridge we would see eagles, bighorn sheep, timid white-tailed deer, and, at a distance, even mountain goats. Once, halfway down the mountain, I came face to face with a black bear and, forgetting everything I knew, turned and ran like a scalded dog.

We took it all for granted. Late at night, when the sky was clear, we would lie on our backs and gaze up at the stars, thinking that all this would last forever, never dreaming that one day this natural world would come under siege. Nor did we imagine that, within a decade, we would find ourselves on the opposite side of the world, where three posters would evoke buried memories of that summer in Banff National Park and remind us that as Canadians we have this miraculous wilderness that is very much worth preserving.

Ken McGoogan is well-known for such award-winning books as *Fatal Passage* and *Lady Franklin's Revenge*. He is chair of the Public Lending Right Commission and in October publishes *How the Scots Invented Canada*.

Subverting our stories?

Canada's historic sites offer a false vision of our past, says a pair of Canadian scholars.

Visitors to Louisbourg, the Nova Scotia historic site, approach its gate — and are confronted by musket-wielding soldiers barring their entry. "Qui va là? Are you spies for les anglais?"

Then, having introduced the interactive challenge to which Louisbourg hopes its visitors will respond, the sentries welcome them to the reconstructed walled city. Most visitors love it.

But once I met a loyally British Canadian who found that moment infuriating. We defeated the French, he roared. Why is the government pretending otherwise with my tax dollars? He wanted to attack the poor sentry.

Historic places can be subversive in ways like that. In Nova Scotia, history's potential for creatively unsettling the public is everywhere. Grand Pré is peaceful, yes, but no thoughtful visitor misses the challenge of the people not there: the deported Acadians. The Glace Bay Miners' Museum, with its dark mine and its company store, insists we see how the miners suffered to enrich the bosses.

Bustling Lunenburg, the heart of Germanic Nova Scotia, cannot help but interrogate the province's "tartan" branding. All those forts and blockhouses, green and peaceable today, still declare that rivals have often fought for the history of this place.

It is the same across the country. Who doesn't enjoy Vieux Quebec — or confront there the troublesome choice: Wolfe's team or the French one? Drive that long haul from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg, and the historic sites you encounter offer competing narratives of how Canada was built — the Montreal-centred North West Company story at Fort William, the Hudson's Bay version at the Manitoba Museum. Or visit Batoche, where the site immerses you in the gross injustices done to the Métis and the Cree.

That is something I have always cherished about museums and historic sites.

Even when the tour guide is under instructions to avoid controversy, subversive possibilities abound. In Nova Scotia alone, memorials to Scots Highlanders compete with rival tributes to Loyalists, to Palatines, to Planters, and to Acadians. Visitors bring their own perspectives, and versions of history clash in ways that puzzle and sometimes enlighten. An immersion in historic sites is a buffeting in conflicting interpretations.

Fortress Louisbourg, Nova Scotia.

CANADIAN PRESS

Or, maybe not. *In the Province of History*, a new book by Ian McKay and Robin Bates, tells us very firmly that this never happens. The authors' subject is "the making of the public past" in Nova Scotia, and they find fraud and conspiracy everywhere. "Tourism/history," they argue, is myth and misinformation, mostly concerned with "generating profits." Indeed, they say it's worse than that — a conscious campaign to impose a specific vision of history, the liberal capitalist order, upon unwilling but helpless consumers.

McKay, a history professor, and Bates, a Ph.D. candidate in the history department at the University of Chicago, offer vivid examples. They show how Grand Pré, a village central to the destruction and dispossession of the Acadians, was redefined for tourists as "the happy place" of childlike peasants living in placid serenity. They make a strong case. Nova Scotians long strove to deny or downplay the deportation, even as they marketed interest in Longfellow's "Land of Evangeline." But the authors' focus is never on the visitors, and instead remains fixed on the official scripts of tourist promotion. With regard to the obviously absent Acadians, the official scripts often had a desperate note of "Who do you believe, me or your own eyes?" But McKay and Bates see only passive consumers believing all they are told. The authors do disavow (in one paragraph) the idea of "cunning corporate villains" who "manipulate a brainwashed travelling public," but that is pretty much what they discover throughout the "province of history."

More than tourism is at stake here. Ian McKay, a vigorous and prolific scholar at Queen's University in Kingston, is the originator of a fresh interpretation of Canadian history that has recently had a powerful impact on Canadian historians. In prize-winning essays and books, McKay has argued that the key to Canadian history is "the liberal order framework."

He means that what has held together many different and rival components within Canada is an idea and an ideology: political liberalism allied to capitalist economics.

It's a big idea. After Donald Creighton's argument that economic geography, not ideas at all, made Canada, and then the fashion for social history and micro-history that seemed about to disavow national questions entirely, McKay's "framework" has brought political ideas surging back to the centre of Canadian history.

Many historians are finding McKay's liberal order framework powerful and persuasive.

McKay's big idea is also a conspiracy theory. He's no fan of the liberal order, to say the least. The framework that he describes has been imposed "against steep odds" on unwilling Canadians by "flagrantly anti-democratic" means. His evidence for this authoritarian imposition may seem thin (for example, the Senate is not elected), but McKay makes his case with passion, sarcasm, and irony.

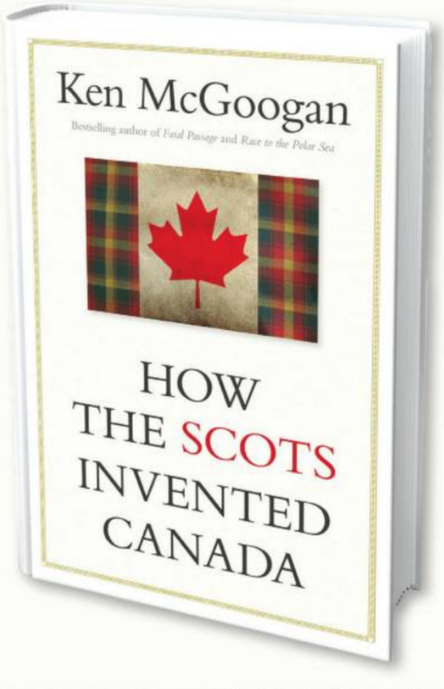
And if all Canadians, except a few "rebels, reds, and radicals," have allowed themselves to be lashed down to the liberal order framework, what chance have a few holidaymakers to resist the tourist-history version of it?

McKay and Bates see the public as being controlled by "the tourist frame." They contrast public "heritage" (which they summarize as no questions, no challenges, no recognitions, no contradictions) to "history," a "form of disciplined knowledge."

Real history, they want us to agree, only happens in classrooms, as the property of history professors.

But I suspect that out there on the tourist routes more than a few Canadians have debated their history without a professorial frame.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*. He was a Parks Canada researcher at Louisbourg in the 1970s.



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MARK ZUEHLKE
ON TO VICTORY

BITTER TRIUMPH

On to Victory: The Canadian Liberation of the Netherlands, March 23–May 5, 1945
by Mark Zuehlke
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2010
416 pp., illus., $35 hardcover

With Allied bombers hammering the dead German cities, with the unstoppable and vengeful Russian armies converging on the prize of Berlin, and with Hitler soon to take his own life in the final days of his Thousand Year Reich, which had come up 987 years short, Canadians were still fighting and dying up to the last days of the Second World War in Europe. The final weeks of the war are the focus of Mark Zuehlke's *On to Victory*.

Zuehlke has already made a successful career of chronicling Canada's Second World War land campaigns, with less memorable ventures into other aspects of the nation's military history. With his trademark style of allowing eyewitness accounts to drive the narrative, as well as his own deft writing, he is often described as one of Canada's premier writers of military history.

That may be true, but is he a good historian? Zuehlke's first couple of books relied heavily on the first-hand material garnered from interviews with veterans, which left his stories potted and sometimes disconnected from the larger picture, either of Canadian forces or of the Allied war effort. But he has steadily improved with each of the eight volumes that now comprise the Canadian Battle Series.

Indeed, this offering reveals a far deeper engagement with the official records and a desire to place the story of the intense fighting into Germany and the liberation of the Netherlands into a wider context. Zuehlke succeeds in finding that middle ground between writing academic history and relying exclusively on strung-together eyewitness accounts. This is good history, told well, and makes for powerful reading.

Despite a broadening of the story to include some of the Allied forces and the strategic backdrop against which they fought, Zuehlke's focus is still with the soldiers fighting on the ground. And he is at his strongest here.

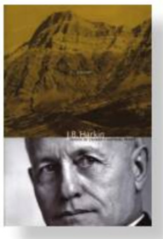
The reader is exposed to the relentless battlefield, as the infantry claws its way forward against a desperate German defender fighting for his homeland. Canadian gunners shatter the enemy lines in heavy bombardments, as the tanks crash forward, driving through heavy resistance, finding ways to knock out the feared 88s and other anti-tank defences.

The raw sights of battle, the cacophony of sounds, the stench of the dead — it is all here in its full brutality. Even though the war was unwinnable for the Germans, they fought to the bitter end. The Canadians, along with their Allied comrades, were forced to clear village after village, advancing over fire-swept ground, and always losing men.

The subtitle of *On To Victory* highlights the "Canadian Liberation of the Netherlands." This is strange, since most of the book is devoted to the desperate advance into Germany. From D-Day to the end of the war, the First Canadian Army suffered 44,339 casualties, including several thousand in the final weeks of the campaign.

This is a book about battle, with very little devoted to life behind the lines, the social interaction with civilians, or anything else other than grinding warfare. The liberation gets the short end of the stick here, but it acts as a capstone to the Canadian sacrifice on the battlefields of Germany. *On to Victory* provides stark evidence that the enemy had to be bludgeoned into defeat right up to the final days of the war in May 1945.

Reviewed by **Tim Cook**, author of five books, including *The Madman and the Butcher: The Sensational Wars of Sam Hughes and General Arthur Currie* (Allen Lane, 2010).



SERVING TO PROTECT

J.B. Harkin: Father of Canada's National Parks
by E.J. (Ted) Hart
University of Alberta Press, Edmonton, 2010
588 pp., illus., $34.95 paperback

Long revered by conservationists and sometimes criticized by historians, founding Commissioner of National Parks James B. Harkin was never previously the subject of a full-length biography and largely remained an enigma. Ted Hart's new biography redresses this lack and helps clarify his subject's historical role.

Hart well demonstrates Harkin's significance as a conservation leader and visionary. The author shows how, by the end of Harkin's tenure in 1936, he had established numerous national parks and a system of national historic commemoration.

The previous absence of a major work on Harkin may derive from the fact that few of his personal papers have apparently survived. Hart has nonetheless made skilful use of available archival evidence, including the papers of various prime ministers, National Parks records, Harkin's small collection at Library and Archives Canada (LAC), and Alberta collections.

One item missing from his bibliography is the papers of Mabel Williams, Harkin's long-time secretary and close associate, which were only recently donated to LAC. Hart makes good use of Williams' published writings, which provide an important glimpse into Harkin's conservation philosophy.

The picture that emerges in this biography is that of a savvy idealist. Hart's treatment reinforces a familiar interpretation of Harkin among conservationists, but he endows it with greater clarity and authority.

Hart references the developing historical scholarship on national parks, but treads rather lightly over some problematic aspects of Harkin's tenure. For example, left undiscussed are such episodes as the 1936 expropriation of the ancillary reserve of the Keeseekoowenin Ojibway First Nation on the north shore of Clear Lake during the establishment of Riding Mountain National Park in Manitoba.

While perhaps representative of the treatment of First Nations people in that era, such injustices must also be taken into account in assessments of Harkin's legacy. Hart is fair in referencing scholars' criticism of Harkin's policy regarding predators and instrumentalist approaches to domesticating wild grazing animals in the Arctic, although his disagreement with some of their criticisms is also apparent.

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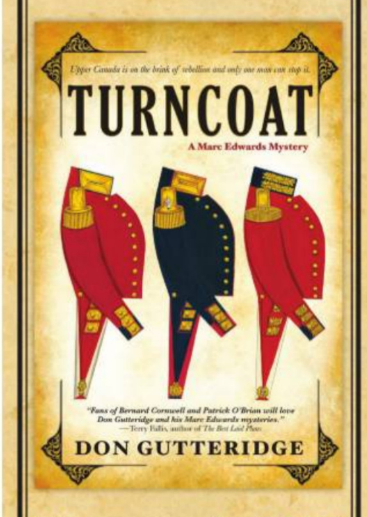
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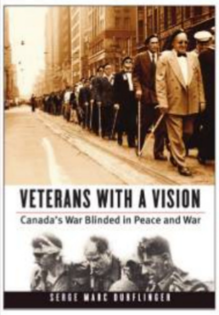
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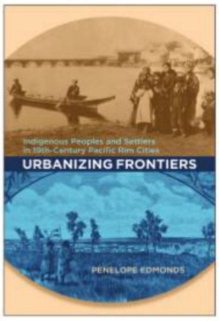
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The experiences of Indigenous peoples in urban frontiers have been overshadowed by triumphant narratives of progress. This book explores the lives of Indigenous peoples and settlers in Victoria, British Columbia, and Melbourne, Australia. Both places were segregated sites of empire, and this book shows how these frontiers and the people in them were transformed, sometimes in violent ways, creating new spaces and new polities.

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Hart's consistent focus on the contexts surrounding Harkin's tenure enables readers to better understand and appreciate the commissioner's decision-making process. We're given a first-hand look at the myriad pressures bearing upon national parks administration in its formative period, and Hart demonstrates Harkin's skilful navigation between competing interests and viewpoints.

While we learn little about Harkin as a person, Hart has given us a sensitive portrait of Harkin the administrator. This is an important contribution in itself, as current historiography has faulted Harkin and his peers for being "pragmatic bureaucrats rather than visionaries," overlooking the idealistic strains that motivated Harkin in particular.

In Hart's account, pragmatism is no sin. He sees it as a necessary part of advancing government programs and views outstanding public servants as equally deserving of biographical treatments as sports stars, generals, and scientists.

In terms of its technical attributes, the book is nicely laid out, its illustrations are generally of high quality, and it contains a comprehensive index. While tending to underplay the controversies, Hart's biography represents a step towards rebalancing the historiography of both national parks and governmental service in Canada — perhaps akin to the balanced approach he finds so admirable in his hero James B. Harkin.

Recent surveys indicate that our country's national parks and national historic sites are among the most valued symbols of Canadian identity. As the system of national parks prepares to mark its centennial in 2011, Ted Hart's insightful and engaging biography of J.B. Harkin underscores both Canadians' debt to the system's founder and the continuing resonance of his vision of protecting this country's natural and cultural heritage for all time.

Reviewed by **Lyle Dick**, the author of *Muskox Land: Ellesmere Island in the Age of Contact*, winner of the 2003 Innis Prize, and *Farmers "Making Good"* (revised edition 2008), co-winner of the 1990 Clio Prize.

More Books

People of the Lakes: Stories of Our Van Tat Gwich'in Elders
by Vuntut Gwitchin First Nation & Shirleen Smith
University of Alberta Press,
Edmonton, 2009
453 pp., illus., $34.95 paperback

History Hunting in the Yukon
by Michael Gates
Harbour Publishing,
Madeira Park, B.C., 2010
256 pp., illus., $18.95 paperback

Within its first year of publication, *People of the Lakes* has garnered numerous awards, including Story Teller of the Year from the international Independent Publisher Book Awards. And storytelling is what this richly illustrated book is all about.

Great care went into the creation of this work, which describes the oral history of the Van Tat Gwich'in of the northern Yukon. A few years ago, the Gwich'in were central in efforts to halt oil drilling on sensitive caribou calving grounds. Realizing the importance of preserving its stories for generations to come, the First Nation itself determined how the project would unfold. Context was important — elders were taken to particular areas on the land to tell their stories, as opposed to being interviewed in a studio. About eighty per cent of the interviews were done in the native language, with skilled translators transcribing them into English.

The book starts with "long ago" stories, which include a legend of a great flood brought on by retreating glaciers that resulted in animals being rescued by a raft built by a man — echoes of Noah's Ark. For ease of reading, and to contrast with the narrator's commentary, the elders' translated words are in red. A beautiful book.

History Hunting in the Yukon is a collection of lively stories about the colourful characters and events of this northern territory. It's a quick, engaging read by an author who combines academic and professional backgrounds. Michael Gates is an archaeologist and former cultural resource manager with Parks Canada in the Yukon, and has a natural storytelling talent. He's also a history columnist for the *Yukon News*.

Read his book to get an overview of Yukon history in bite-sized pieces. For instance, the region might have looked wild and almost devoid of human settlement to the Gold Rush Stampeders, but archaeologists have uncovered plenty of evidence that river valleys like the Tatshenshini were once bustling transportation corridors filled with people about whom we know little.

Much more is known about some of the more recent arrivals. Gates tells of "Klondike King" Joe Boyle's WWI heroics in Russia, Rob-

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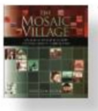
ert Service's secret love life, and Bill Gates (no, not that Bill Gates), a dapper gold millionaire who liked the ladies a little too much. But Della Murray Banks, a hardy woman who served as cook on a gold-seeking trip over the notorious Dalton Trail in 1898, deserves the last word. As she wisely observed, "It wasn't the man who didn't know, it was the man who wouldn't learn, that made it hard." —N.O.

Immigrants in Prairie Cities: Ethnic Diversity in Twentieth-Century Canada
by Royden Loewen and Gerald Friesen
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2009
265 pp., illus., $27.95 paperback



The Mosaic Village: An Illustrated History of Winnipeg's North End
by Russ Gourluck
Great Plains Publications, Winnipeg, 2010
254 pp., illus., $30 paperback

When waves of immigrants came to Canadian prairie cities in the early twentieth century, they did not form one giant melting pot and they did not succumb to Anglo-Canadian conformities. Nor was there to be found any active multiculturalism, say Royden Loewen and Gerald Friesen in *Immigrants in Prairie Cities: Ethnic Diversity in Twentieth-Century Canada*.

Largely "shut out from power, privilege, and wealth in the prairie city," immigrants formed their own social networks through family and community, with religion providing a rich cultural backdrop. Ethnic clubs and societies helped them to join together and to meet their shared needs in their new urban existence.

The authors concentrate primarily on three cities: Winnipeg, Calgary, and Edmonton. What could have been a tedious textbook of facts and figures is enriched considerably by interesting quotes, such as Gabrielle Roy's observation on people staring when French was spoken on Winnipeg streets: "I got so used to it … I thought of it as natural for us to feel more or less like foreigners … until I came to thinking that if everyone was a foreigner, then none of us was."

While this book will appeal to readers, it would have benefited considerably from the inclusion of some engaging images.

The Mosaic Village: An Illustrated History of Winnipeg's North End is a book about a city area where "predominantly British citizens were joined by waves of immigrants with very different cultural and religious backgrounds." Russ Gourluck tells of the neighbourhood's commerce, churches, and organizations that together helped to transform the city's

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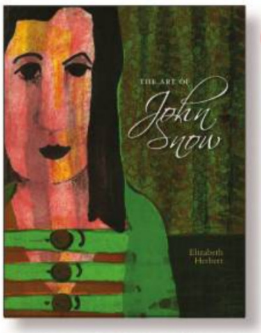

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BY ELIZABETH HERBERT

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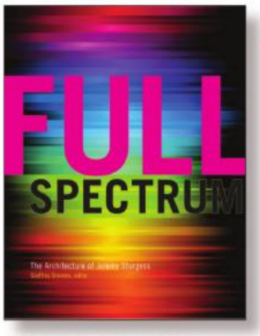

JUNE 2010

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fabric. He also speaks of the segregation, bigotry, and poverty that newcomers sometimes endured.

The Mosaic Village is a coffee table-sized paperback filled with stories and pictures of Winnipeg's North End, including images of the inhabitants and their businesses, foods, and customs. It includes both historic photographs and pictures taken more recently by the author. Although some of the tales are neither funny nor pleasant, the overall tone of the book is brighter and less academic than that of *Immigrants in Prairie Cities*.

Nevertheless, the two books complement each other in providing immigrants' stories. Together, they show how important immigrants were in shaping Canada and how newcomers continue to transform and enrich the country's cultural fabric.

— B.T.

In the next issue of Canada's History

Catching Klondicitus

The fever of the Klondike gold rush has long passed. But tales of those wild-eyed fortune seekers are still told in the land of the midnight sun.

BY CHARLOTTE GRAY

Wrongful Executions

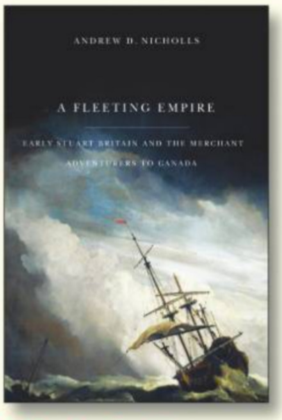
Justice, like Cook Teets, was blind when he was hanged for poisoning his wife — a crime for which the sightless man was later exonerated. How many other innocents did Canada hang?

BY RAY ARGYLE

World's Fastest Wo(man)

When Montreal sprinter Hilda Strike lost the 1932 Olympic gold to Poland's Stella Walsh, an uncomfortable question hung in the air. The answer would not be revealed until 48 years later.

BY RON HOTCHKISS



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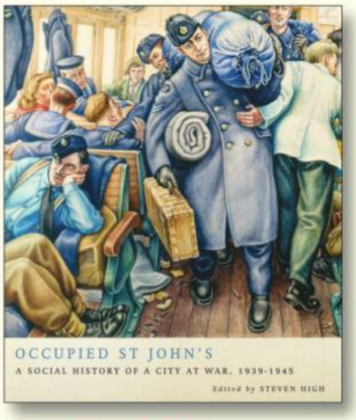

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Land of La Vérendrye

Former Manitoba fur-trade route rich with history. by Beverley Tallon

"When we come out here, my stress level goes way down. *Way down*," cottage owner Angela emphasizes, as children's laughter echoes in the background. They are at their vacation home near Lac du Bonnet in eastern Manitoba, and the children are doing what kids should be able to do — just being kids.

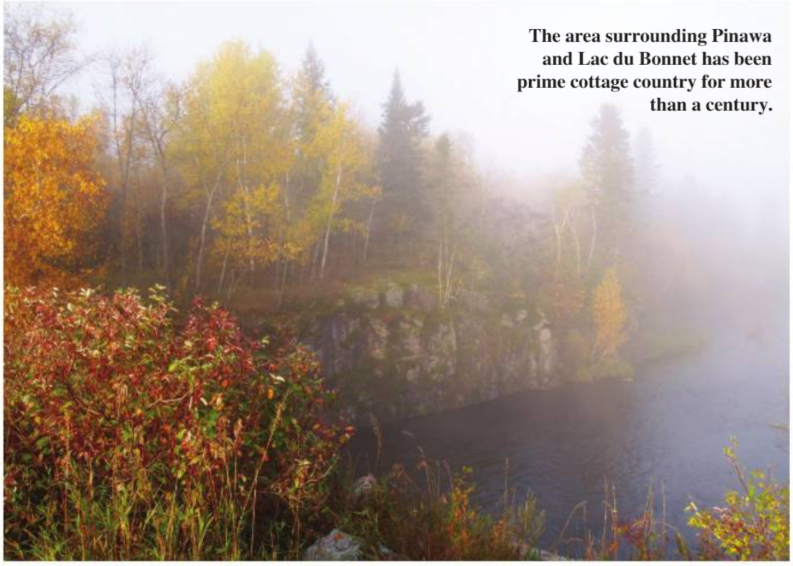
Lac du Bonnet has been cottage country since the beginning of the last century. Today's retreats range from modest cabins to million-dollar chalets that dot the shores of the Winnipeg River.

This is the same river upon which Pierre Gaultier de Varennes de La Vérendrye travelled in the spring of 1733. The French voyageur named a wide section of the river Lac du Bonnet because its shape reminded him of a bonnet. Evidence of human presence dates back at least eight thousand years. The Cree met La Vérendrye when he first arrived, but by 1800 they had moved on and the Anishinabe (Ojibwa) had arrived in the area from Lake Superior.

Spending an afternoon on a powerboat, we marvel at the strength and skill the voyageurs must have had in order to navigate these waters. It was a well-travelled fur trade route until the Montreal-based North West Company merged with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821. We learn of Colonel Wolseley's troops canoeing the river to suppress Louis Riel's resistance and how the great canoe era ended around 1870.

The next morning we spend our time in the town visiting cozy shops, including a bakery filled with the delightful aroma of freshly baked bread. A bustling Saturday morning market offers fresh vegetables, honey, and local crafts.

Then we leave Lac du Bonnet and drive to the old town of Pinawa. Heading along Highway 211E, we see a sign reading "Atomic Energy of Canada Limited." We travel through dense spruce, turning north on Provincial Road 520 — a gravel road leading to the original town of Pinawa and the old Pinawa Dam.



The area surrounding Pinawa and Lac du Bonnet has been prime cottage country for more than a century.

NANCY BREMNER

In 1906, Manitoba's first hydroelectric generating station was built here by the Winnipeg Electric Company to meet the city's booming energy demands. A large concrete structure was built to harness the Winnipeg River. Although the site stopped producing power in 1951, and the settlement has since been abandoned, the ruins of the dam have survived and now form part of Pinawa Dam Provincial Park. People enjoy picnicking, hiking the self-guiding trails, and sunbathing on the rocks. The old townsite is well signposted. The spots where the homes, community garden, town hall, and school were located are all marked.

On the move again, we arrive at the new Pinawa townsite. AECL started it as a company town in 1963.

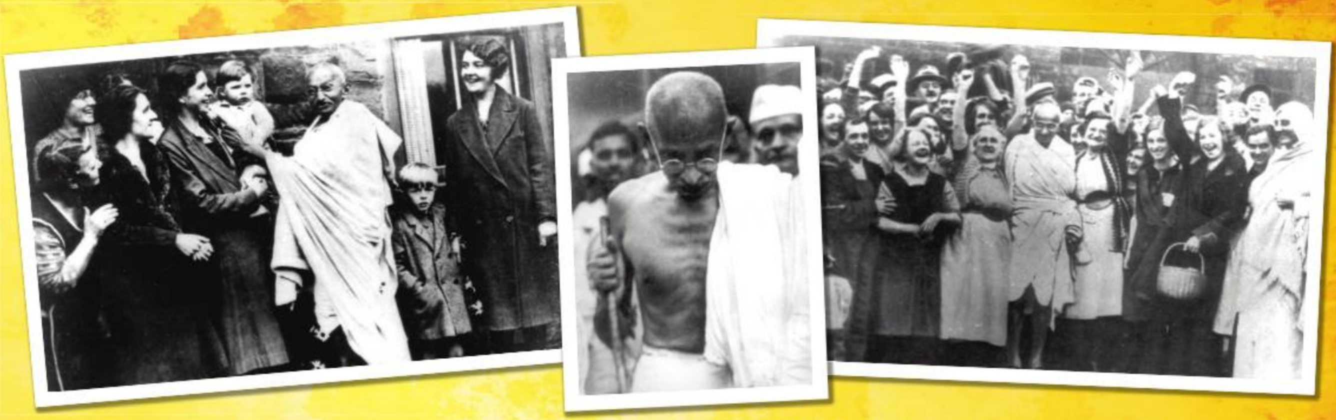
Several deer graze on the boulevard, unperturbed by the arrival of visitors. At the end of this road is a large metal structure, the Pinawa Heritage Sundial. Built as a Millennium Project, the massive timepiece incorporates twelve heritage themes, including the First Peoples, La Vérendrye, and hydroelectric power.

The town's marina gives the area a seaside feel, and people walk along the well-used Ironwood Trail (named after a stand of rare ironwood trees) that winds along the Winnipeg River. From the trail you can view two islands: French and Furey. These were named after two soldiers of the Winnipeg Grenadiers who died during World War II.

There is so much more to see and enjoy here and in other areas of the Whiteshell region — petroforms, monuments, museums, and a goose sanctuary await us. But that will have to be another getaway.

Beverley Tallon is Editorial Assistant of *Canada's History* magazine. She was also a contributing writer for the book *100 Photos that Changed Canada*, a national bestseller.

> *“My life is an indivisible whole, and all my attitudes run into one another; and they all have their rise in my insatiable love of mankind.”* - Gandhi



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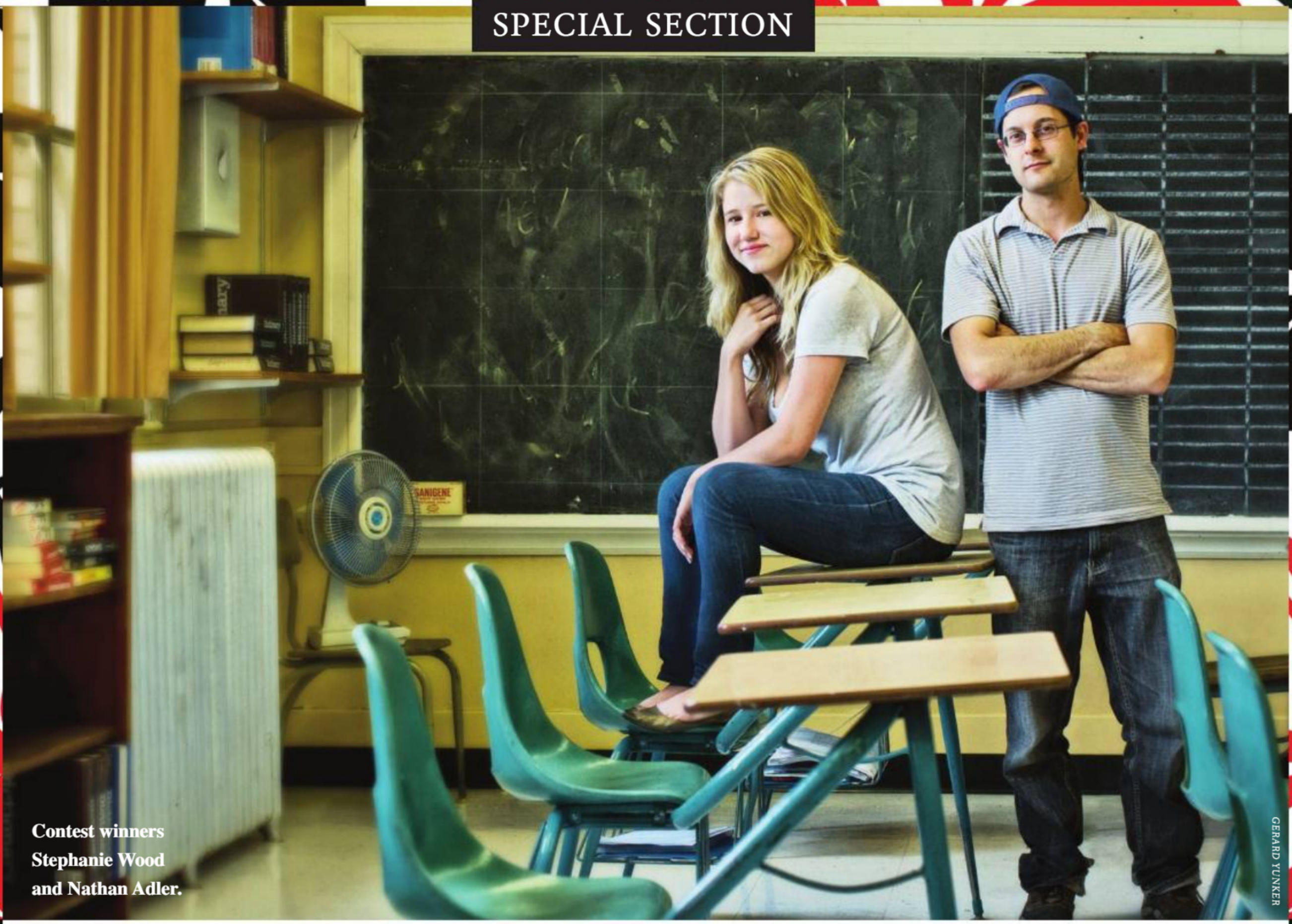


Contest winners Stephanie Wood and Nathan Adler.

GERARD YUNKER

Winning words

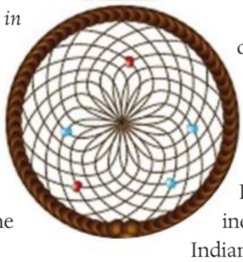
Poignant short story and collection of poems earn young writers top prizes in The Canadian Aboriginal Writing Challenge.

The winners have been chosen for this year's Canadian Aboriginal Writing Challenge. The winner of the fourteen-to-eighteen-year-old age category is Stephanie Wood, a seventeen-year-old member of the Squamish Nation from North Vancouver, British Columbia. Wood's story, *The Indian in the Child*, is an emotional tale about the impact residential schools have had on First Nations peoples in Canada.

The winner of the nineteen-to-twenty-nine-year-old category is Nathan Adler, a twenty-nine-year-old member of Lac Des Milles Lacs Nation, from Orangeville, Ontario. Adler's winning entry, entitled *All Teeth* consists of a collection of twenty-one poems detailing all aspects of the First Nations experience in Canada.

In *Indian in the Child*, Wood highlights the continuing struggle of victims to come to terms with their residential school experiences.

"I think it is important to acknowledge the pain that natives have gone through because of residential schools and the lasting impact it has had on the families, the surivivors, and the culture in general," she says. Adler says his poems are a way to bring attention to "some of the injustices which have been inflicted on our First Nation and provide Canadians with a more accurate picture of what it means to be a First Nations person in Canada."



The winning entries were selected by an advisory committee that included Senator Patrick Brazeau, and writers Joseph Boyden, Lee Maracle, Brian Maracle, Drew Hayden Taylor, Rachel A. Qitsualik, Barbara Van Haute, and Tomson Highway.

The contest is organized by the Historica-Dominion Institute (Historica-Dominion.ca). Sponsors include Enbridge Inc., TD Bank Financial Group, Vale, Indian and Northern Affairs Canada, Canada Council for the Arts, *Canada's History* magazine and Imperial Oil Foundation. Media partners are the Aboriginal People's Television Network and Aboriginal Link. The winners received their awards on June 15 at a special ceremony in Regina.

The Indian in the Child by Stephanie Wood

"Mr. Speaker, I stand before you to offer an apology...."

He stood before the people, after a strong applause. Their skin was dark and worn with the reopened wounds of their past.

"...[A] sad chapter in our history."

A sad chapter. It was a sad chapter. One that would not be forgotten, not among the broken people. Not among the children and grandchildren born of them, born into a life still in lasting affect of this "sad chapter."

Residential schools. To this day, there is still something foreboding in the name. Born over a hundred years ago, drifting into death only twelve years before this speech. They were made to convert. To control. To civilize. Those were the goals.

"Two primary objectives of the residential schools system were to remove and isolate children from the influence of their homes, families, traditions and cultures, and to assimilate them into the dominant culture."

There was a girl, Lucy. She had long dark hair, brown eyes, high cheekbones, and the rich skin of an Indian. She was very small.

It had happened calmly. At least, it was calm compared to the incidents where children were physically forced from their homes. Her parents had been threatened. She'd had her things packed. She'd left her parents, with her sisters. It had been alright, at first.

"You'll be living on school premises. You'll be speaking English."

What was he saying?

"Úx-...." Slap. Oh, that's what he meant.

She was given a white uniform, a dress, and separated from her sisters. For how long this would go on, she didn't know.

"Most schools were operated as 'joint ventures' with Anglican, Catholic, Presbyterian, or United churches...."

First thing Lucy noticed was that many of the children looked sick. She wondered why they were continuing to go to class when some were dead-white, glassy in sweat. Soon she saw that it was the teachers that were making them attend. She asked a girl beside her what it was that was making them sick. The girl didn't know. Nobody did. Yet it seemed almost as if these children, hot and weary-eyed, coughing and thin, were disappearing.

"Tragically, some of these children died while attending residential schools and others never returned home."

Second thing she noticed was the teachers were powerful. Three traits were common: Firstly, they often knew nothing of their subjects. Secondly, in causing anguish to their students the foolish instructors seemed to relish. Thirdly, they resented her culture, and none of them cared about her. She tried to make a promise to herself not to give in, but their methods were persuasive.

A teacher asked her what her nationality was.

"Skwxwú...." Whip. "Skwxwú...." Whip. "Squamish. I am Squamish."

"The government now recognizes that the consequences of the Indian residential schools policy were profoundly negative and that this policy has had a lasting and damaging impact on Aboriginal culture, heritage and language."

It was the end of her first year, she was going home for the summer, and Lucy could speak English. Lucy could write English. Yet somehow, in the midst of her forceful education, the ability to grasp her native language had nearly left her. She would spend mornings trying to dress herself to conceal the bruises spotting her skin so her parents would not see, and trying to reconnect with her sisters.

Needless to say, that summer at home was very quiet.

They were sent back to school. Attendance was obligatory. Lucy spoke English and wrote in English and she had Catholicism pushed upon her, the white man's ways suffocating her and slowly filling up her insides, so her original self and heritage had no room to remain. Throughout her education Lucy had nuns whip her and priests hurt her.

"...[O]vershadowed by tragic accounts of the emotional, physical and sexual abuse and neglect of helpless children."

Lucy left when she was fifteen, and she felt hollow. She had lost her native home and family; she was not a part of them nor they a part of her. They spoke different languages and had not seen each other for more than two months at a time for years. They'd gone on without her. She had no hope, nor a place that she was needed.

All the years of being treated as if she were purposeless and worthless had ground the notion into her brain. Her life felt like an aimless trail of pointless being; her faith was lost. The weight of nine years in hell pushed down upon her until all she could do was crawl, shuddering through liquor and smoke and anger, all of them makeshift walls against her horrific memories, feeble attempts to forget.

"The legacy of Indian residential schools has contributed to social problems that continue to exist in many communities today."

Who would care? Lucy thought. Who could help? No one. She had no place. Anybody she knew was the same. Into her adult years, Lucy got married and had five children with a man who'd submerged himself in alcohol. She tried to raise her children right, but lack of a proper parent or even a person of authority made her an uneasy mother. It was during this time that she stopped hiding and letting herself wither away.

"I need you to take them to school."

Silence. He had beer in his hands, and strewn across the floor. His eyes were glazed and empty in the glare of the television. It was nine in the morning and he had not slept.

"I need...."

"Shut up, alright? I'm not taking those useless things to school."

"I'm work-...."

"Shut your stupid mouth. I don't care."

And so she stopped. She'd been interrupted before. This was not a place where abuse would be endured. This was a place where it would not exist. Not for her, and not for her children.

Who would care? Children for their mother, and a mother for her children. Keeping them from their father was the one thing she could give them to make up for her vain attempts at parenting. After leaving her husband, she had three of the children live with her mother, and in that time she married a man who could share a future with her, rather than a shadowed past.

"It has taken extraordinary courage for the thousands of survivors that have come forward to speak publicly about the abuse they suffered."

Lucy was a mother. In time she became a grandmother, and throughout her life she had managed to chase away the darkness that had lurked in her mind. She treated her grandchildren with love and tenderness. She made up for her unstable mothering by being a caring and gentle grandmother, and held her family as the basis of her life. Maybe this, she thought, keeping her family together and simply loving them, was the place that she'd been looking for.

"You have been working on recovering from this experience for a long time, and in a very real sense we are now joining you on this journey."

To kill the Indian in the child. That had been the ultimate goal. To remove the culture, the language, the beliefs and leave the children as a shell with all but the appearance of the white man, inflated with the ideas of the self-proclaimed dominating race. The grey-haired, influential man stood at his podium in a dark blue suit with an apology typed up before him.

The past is past.

In the end they may have killed the child in the Indian, but the Indians live on.

"God bless all of you and God bless our land."

All Teeth by Nathan Adler

Boozhence
little black kitty
side of the road puss
patch of grey grass beside the highway
cars whizzing paaast
looking lost and fragile

a few miles down the road
a hawk swirls on draughts of air
predatory eye scanning the fields
a birds gotta eat
too

Last Spring
Yellowed B&W photo
Leslie's not wearing gloves
they're lying in the foreground on the snow
A cigarette perched between his lips
Wicked evil grin
Agnes is wearing a skirt
She must be freezing
Geez these kids!
Bob is in a long coat
wearing his leather gloves

on the back
written in blue ink
my grandmother has written

Leslie, Agnes, and Bobby
My Bro's and Sis
Bob Drown Last Spring

"I *Dare* you to say this to an Indian person to their face!"
— written on the margins of a 1st year Canadian Studies student's essay

— "Democracy comes from here!
the Haudenoshaunee invented it;
corn, beans, squash, tomatoes, tobacco, chocolate
it all comes from here!
So don't call Native People
'savages running wild in the prairies '!"

— "I didn't mean to offend you,
I actually just got that out of a book"
— "Don't tell me that!
that's even worse!
that's plagiarism and you plagiarized poorly"

Wabooz
Baby Rabbit squished at the side of the road
The crows take turns pecking at it
Taking
one
piece
at
a
time
And the Mother Rabbit sits on the curb
Chasing them away
every time
Still trying to protect it

After the funeral
I meet cousin David
he has numbers on his arm
He tells me the story
of how he watched
the execution
—no—
not execution
the *murder*
he tells me
the story
of how
he watched
his cousin
being murdered
—the uncle I am named for—
he tried to escape
the concentration camp
they hung him by the neck
he was eighteen years old

Aandeg

Pecking around the edges
Feeding off the flowing steel river of metal death
Why let good meat go to waste?
Sitting out in the raw-meat sun.
Side of the road tragedy
Mamma Rabbit charging at them,
forcing them to take to the air
But not for long
They bide their time,
waiting,
inching closer,
wearing
her
down.
She can't stay awake forever.
Baby Rabbit's not going anywhere

The Camera's Red Glare

is this what it takes
to get justice
someone has to get killed
for people to pay attention
someone has to die
so people can ask
who's fault is this?
Why did this happen?
Quiet deaths don't count
drugs, alcohol, diabetes
toxic polluted fish
while ten feet under water
people used to sit
maybe if I tell
the Scandalous Story
people will sit up and listen
and say: shame, shame on you
flooding those Indians
out of their homes
while non-native
property owners
were compensated

Caution: hidden danger

Someone once told me
That it was the strangest lake
Under the water
That they had ever seen

Better not to go out on the water
If you don't know your way around
The lake is filled with unforeseen hazards
Shallow areas that used to be islands
Sandbars in unexpected places

Better not to bottom-out
At thirty kilometres per hour

To read Nathan Adler's complete poetry collection, and to learn more about the The Canadian Aboriginal Writing Challenge, go to CanadasHistory.ca.

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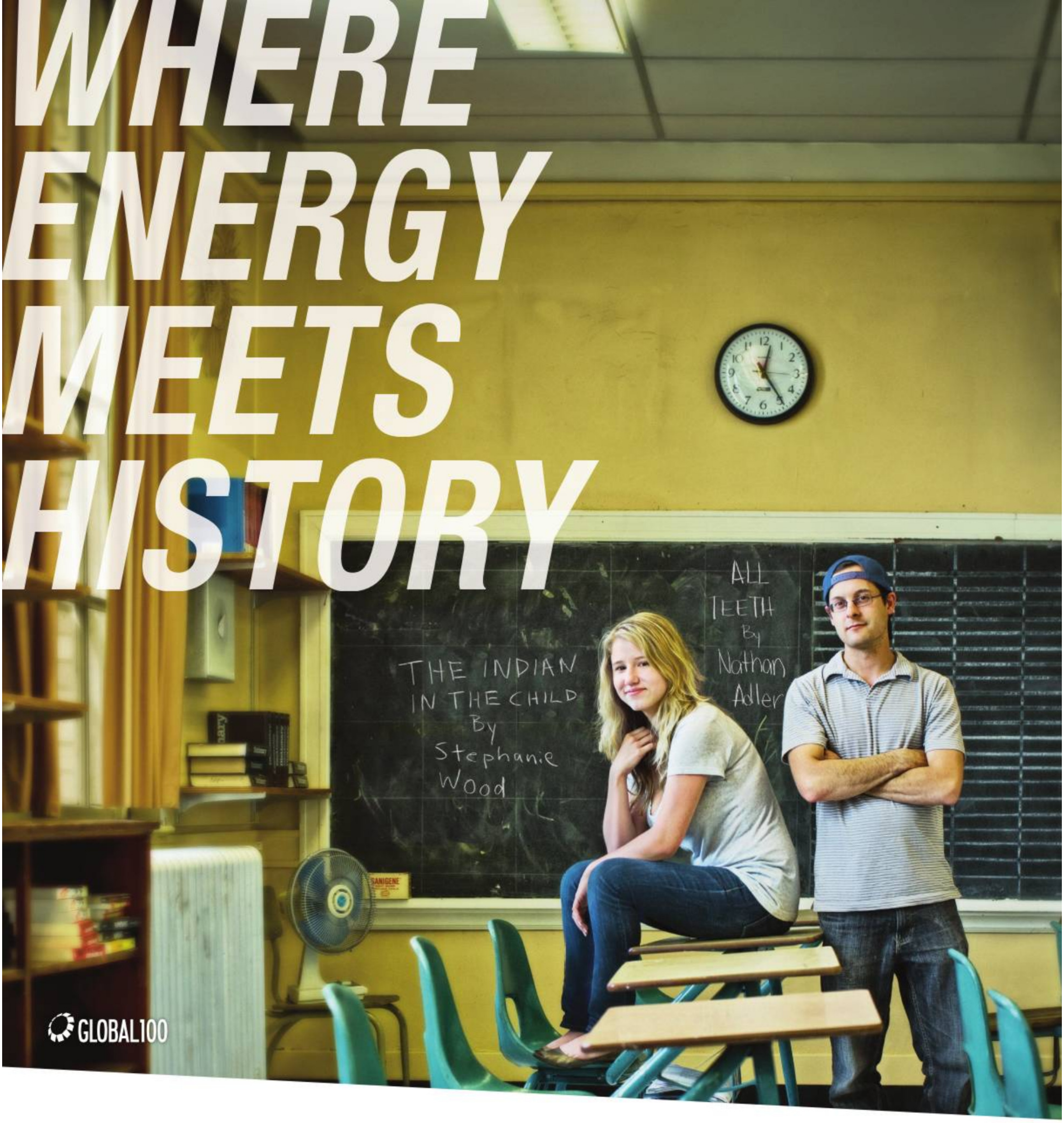

Enbridge is a proud supporter of the Canadian Aboriginal Writing Challenge Awards.

There are as many versions of history as there are people, as shown by this year's submissions to the Historica Dominion Institute's Canadian Aboriginal Writing Challenge. The winners, Stephanie Wood and Nathan Adler, used their talent to share aboriginal history from beyond the classroom walls. Stephanie's short story *The Indian in the Child* and Nathan's collection of poems *All Teeth* provide new, strong voices for Canada's aboriginal peoples – one of the many reasons we are proud to be a part of this writing challenge.

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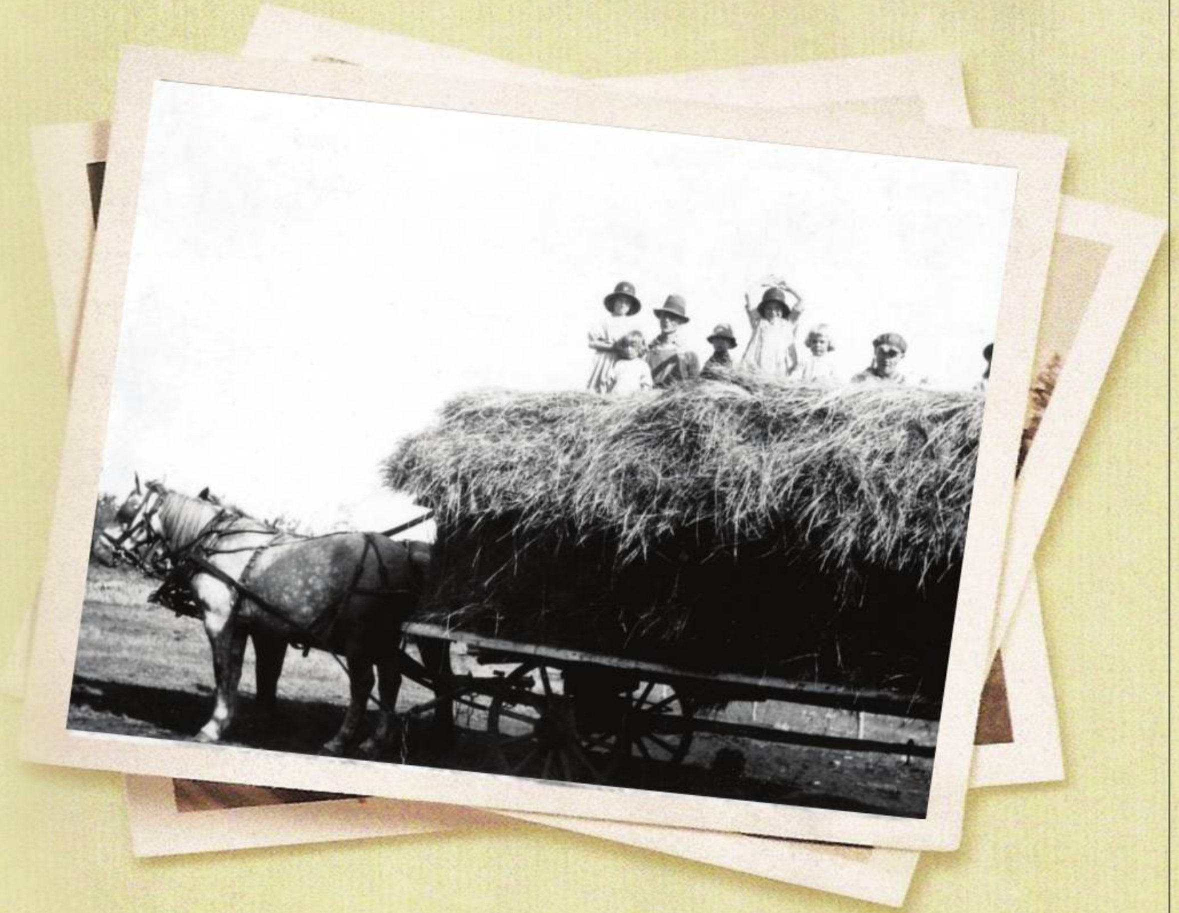
CYAN MAGENTA

This photo was submitted by Catherine Pickard, who is the daughter of Wesley Boyd and resides in Newcastle, Ontario. Text by Beverley Tallon.

While the sun shines



It was all hands on deck when it came to haying time. "Everyone, including all the children, did their bit at every stage of farm life," says Catherine Pickard, and harvesting hay for winter-feed was an important activity.

Pickard grew up on the family farm in Foreman, Alberta. Her dad, Wesley Boyd, is shown with the helpers, kids, and a team of greys named Scotty and Duke.

Boyd made use of the agricultural technology of the 1920s. The grass was mowed and then gathered with a large rake called a hay sweep. Another ingenious piece of equipment, called an overshot hay stacker, deposited the hay on the tool's forks. A pulley and cable system, with the help of horse power, raised the arms, allowing the forks to flip the load and a build a tall stack. A good stack was important to prevent spoilage.

Haying was hard work, and young Catherine and her brother Bill would often be in charge of delivering the mid-morning and afternoon meals. The workers would usually sit on the newly cut field for their respite, but, as time was of the essence, the gang was soon back to work.

To view more Album photos, go to CanadasHistory.ca

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@Canada'sHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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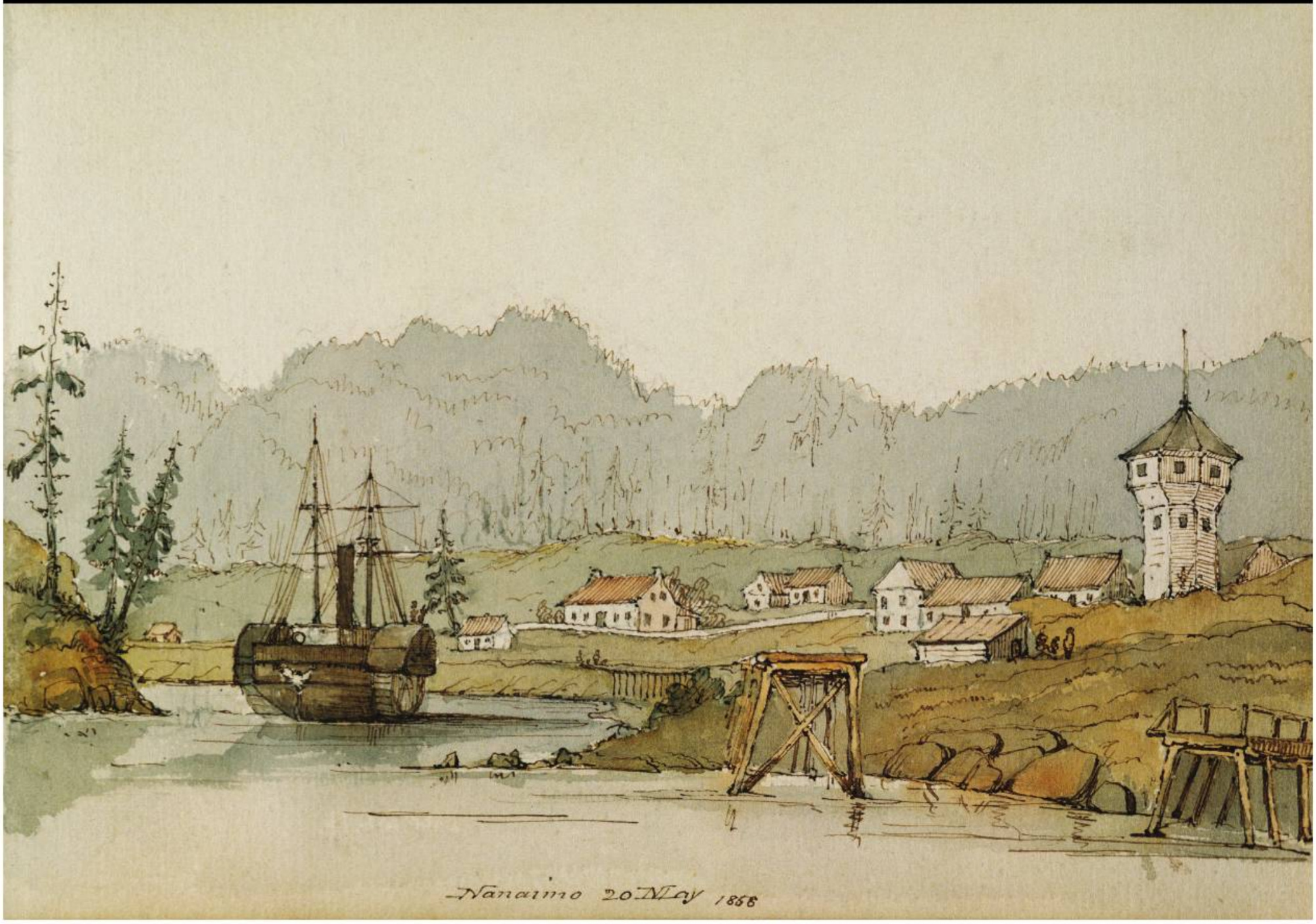

Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Archives of Manitoba, HBCA E.36/4 fo. 61

The Hudson's Bay Company is proud to announce the donation of $80,000 to the Nanaimo Bastion located in the Harbour City of Nanaimo, BC. The restoration project has begun this summer, to bring the Bastion back to its original glory. Built in 1853, it served as a Hudson's Bay Company office, arsenal and store for the local coal mining community. Today, it has become a symbol of the Nanaimo community and a must see Tourist attraction on the British Columbia coast.

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